

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

AUGUST 31, 1962

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

ARTZBAUMER

THE WALL

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## News from Allied Chemical: Barrett Vinyl Building Panel—colorful, flexible, firesafe

You'll be seeing a lot of dramatic structures soon, made of vinyl plastic panel from Allied Chemical's Barrett Division. Imagine: shopping centers with spacious malls spanned with colorful, translucent plastic. Completely enclosed tennis courts that let in light yet permit play in any weather. Low-cost industrial plants, too. This long, flexible, easy-to-install panel cuts construction costs—and light bills be-

sides. It has a lower first cost per square foot than most others. It's easy to handle and easy to keep clean, and is noncombustible. Vinyl plastic building panel is the latest exciting new product from Allied Chemical's Barrett Division. And you can expect some brand-new ideas from Barrett in the near future. One entire area of Allied Chemical research is now devoted to developing chemical and plastic build-

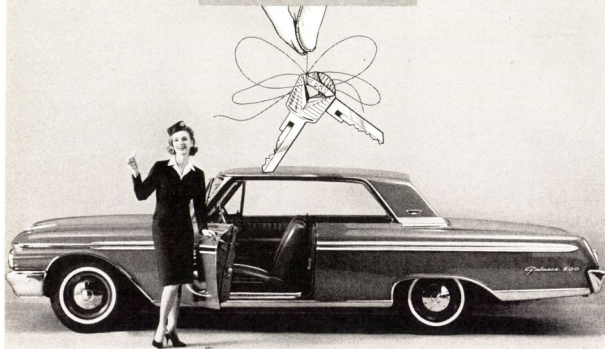
ing materials. Chances are Allied Chemical can help improve *your* products, too. Whatever your line of business may be, we welcome your inquiry. Just write: Allied Chemical Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York 6, New York.



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**Every week—for 12 weeks—someone wins a new Ford!** Renting a car from National Car Rental can be your ticket to winning a beautiful new 1962 Ford Galaxie. Starting July 1, National will award a new Ford each week for 12 weeks in this easy-to-enter contest.

National announces this contest to thank our regular customers, and to introduce new travelers to America's *faster* car rental service, designed for men who hate to

wait. Next time, rent from National—and enter this Rent a Car, Win a Car Contest!

**GENERAL RULES:** Next time you rent from National, pick up an entry blank and official rules. All you have to do is write a few words about National Car Rental Service. Contestants must have driver's license and be 21 or older. Contest begins July 1, closes September 29. Enter as often as you like at any National office. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality and aptness. Contest open to residents of all 50 states.



# TIME LISTINGS

## CINEMA

**The Girl with the Golden Eyes.** *Pas pour les enfants*: a story, adapted by Jean-Gabriel Albicocco from a feverish romance by Balzac, of love on the AC-DC circuit.

**Money, Money, Money.** Jean Gabin and a clutch of French comedians demonstrate that money is funny when it is funny money.

**The Best of Enemies.** War is heck in this comedy of military errors starring David Niven and Alberto Sordi.

**War Hunt.** The story of a struggle, played out in Korea, between two U.S. soldiers: for one of them killing is wrong, for the other it is right.

**Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man.** The young man is Hemingway, as represented in the Nick Adams stories, which are here assembled in a charming, rambling, romantically melancholy tale of a boy attempting to get away from mother and become a man.

**Strangers in the City.** Life in Spanish Harlem is explicitly examined in this intelligent social shocker, written and directed by Rick Carrier.

**Bird Man of Alcatraz.** Burt Lancaster gives his finest performance as Robert F. Stroud, a murderer who became an ornithologist while in solitary confinement for 43 years.

**Ride the High Country and Lonely Are the Brave** are off-the-beaten-trail westerns about men who seek the brotherhood of man in the motherhood of nature. Both are well done.

**Boccaccio '70.** Eros in Italy, interpreted by three top Italian directors (Vittorio De Sica, Federico Fellini, Lucino Visconti) and three top-heavy international stars (Anita Ekberg, Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider).

**The Concrete Jungle.** A saxophone blues mocks and mourns the rise and fall of the criminal hero in this jagged, jazzy British crime thriller.

**The Notorious Landlady.** Kim Novak and Jack Lemmon commit murder and mirth in a horribly funny rooming house. The Lemmon twist saves the day.

**Lolita.** Any resemblance between this film and the novel is accidental and inconsequential. The partners in this esthetic crime include Author-Scripter Nabokov, Director Stanley Kubrick and Co-Leads James Mason and Sue Lyon. Peter Sellers saves some scenes, and might have saved the movie if only he had been cast as Humbert.

**A Matter of WHO.** Britain's Terry-Thomas plays a dewy-eyed bloodhound from the World Health Organization who goes bugling after a migratory virus and turns up the trail of a swindler.

## TELEVISION

Wed., Aug. 29

**Howard K. Smith: News and Comment** (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.).\* A critical look at the U.S. architectural landscape: "Is America Ugly?"

**David Brinkley's Journal** (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). "Jazz," a visit to New Orleans. Repeat.

\* All times E.D.T.

Thurs., Aug. 30

**The Lively Ones** (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). An offbeat musical show. Guests include Peggy Lee and Oscar Peterson.

**Arias and Arabesques** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A double-threat special featuring Composer Douglas (The Ballad of Baby Doe) Moore's opera *Gallantry*—starring Martha Wright, Laurel Hurley, Charles Anthony and Ronald Holgate—and a ballet, *Parallels*, based on a composition by Wallingford Riegger and choreographed by John Butler. Jan Peerce is the master of ceremonies.

Sun., Sept. 2

**Issues and Answers** (ABC, 4-4:30 p.m.). A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany celebrates Labor Day week end with a discussion of the Kennedy Administration's labor record.

**The Twentieth Century** (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A biography of the late General George Catlett Marshall. Repeat.

**The Campaign and the Candidates** (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). The first of a series of eight programs on U.S. politics, this one examines the role of the national party chairmen, including Huntley-Brinkley interviews with Democrat John M. Bailey and Republican William E. Miller.

Mon., Sept. 3

**Sentry Abroad** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). An evaluation of present U.S. military strength overseas.

## THEATER

Before fall brings to Broadway the fresh offerings of a new season, the tried and true veterans sing their *September Song*, hoping by virtue, popularity or sheer anatomy to win a place in the new theatrical year. Top dramatic playbills goes to *The Night of the Iguana* and *A Man for All Seasons*. *Iguana* is Tennessee Williams' gentlest play since *The Glass Menagerie*, and the wisest play he has ever written. *Seasons* is a play of wit and probity about a man of wit and probity. Sir Thomas More, with Emlyn Williams less effective than Paul Scofield was in the role. *A Thousand Clowns* lives up to its title, and Jason Robards Jr. rings merry changes on the slightly tried subject of nonconformity. In its second season, Jean Kerr's *Mary, Mary* remains a wisecracking play, and Barbara Bel Geddes is still in it.

A clutch of musicals caters to the best and worst of tastes. The asstringent wit of Abe Burrows fuses *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, and the impish energies of Robert Morse provide the explosive for an evening of delight. Multi-aptitude Zero Mostel brings his masterly clowning to *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, an uproarious burlesquerie, lewdly adapted from some plays of Plautus. Also still in season: *Camelot*, *Carnival* and (closing Sept. 1) the venerable *My Fair Lady*.

Off-Broadway, Brecht on Brecht is the intellectual class of the field, an ingeniously sifted but episodic sampling of the poems, aphorisms and dramatic excerpts of a master of 20th century theater. Mixing surrealism and college humor, young (25) Arthur Kopit has mounted a zany attack on Mom behind the jawbreaker

title, *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*. Having recently reached its 500th performance, Jean Genet's audacious, exotic and unsentimental dramatization of the color question, *The Blacks*, still has zest and impact.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**Big Mac**, by Erik Kos. A whale of a social satire by a gifted Yugoslavian who pokes superb fun at conformity—in a Peoples' Republic and everywhere else.

**The Scandalous Mr. Bennett**, by Richard O'Connor. A diverting chronicle of fabled New York Herald Owner James Gordon Bennett Jr., whose eccentric doings were calculated to raise both his paper's circulation and his own blood pressure, and did.

**Unofficial History**, by Field Marshal the Viscount Slim. Graceful and soldierly recollections from that military rarity, a general who can write of battles as well as he fights them.

**The Inheritors**, by William Golding. A grimly provocative imagination makes this a story of a doomed prehuman Neanderthal tribe a fitting successor to the author's earlier and frightening *Lord of the Flies*.

**Rocking the Boat**, by Gore Vidal. Tart darts at some hidebound U.S. foibles by a young and politically active writer of many parts.

**Letting Go**, by Philip Roth. This overlong but nonetheless impressive novel about young U.S. college faculty members shows off the author's remarkable ear for dialogue and his sharp-eyed characterization of unhappy people.

**Death of a Highbrow**, by Frank Swinnerton. In this excellent novel by an author who has never had the recognition he deserves, an eminent man of letters relives a literary feud with a dead rival and decides that the man was not so much his enemy as his friend.

**The Reivers**, by William Faulkner. A funny, gentle and entirely delightful last work set in Faulkner country.

**Saint Francis**, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The sweat, as well as the spiritual anguish, of a famous saintly lifetime.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. *Ship of Fools*, Porter (1, last week)
2. *Youngblood Hawke*, Wouk (2)
3. *Dearlly Beloved*, Lindbergh (5)
4. *The Prize*, Wallace (6)
5. *The Reivers*, Faulkner (3)
6. *Uhuru*, Ruark (4)
7. *Another Country*, Baldwin (7)
8. *Portrait in Brownstone*, Auchincloss (10)
9. *Letting Go*, Roth (9)
10. *The Golden Rendezvous*, MacLean

#### NONFICTION

1. *The Rothschilds*, Morton (1)
2. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (2)
3. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps*, Hudson (5)
4. *Vecek—as in Wreck*, Vecek (9)
5. *Men and Decisions*, Strauss (4)
6. *One Man's Freedom*, Williams (3)
7. *JFK Coloring Book*, Kannon and Roman
8. *Sex and the Single Girl*, Brown (7)
9. *Who's in Charge Here?*, Gardner
10. *The Guns of August*, Tuchman (6)

Volume XXX  
Number 9



High time  
you two met.  
Miss Gingold, this  
is the Gimlet. Vodka,  
**Rose's Lime Juice**

and ice. Get acquainted. You've  
so much in common. Dry wit,  
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# LETTERS

## The Cosmonauts

Sir:

In a time when the emphasis seems to be placed on the lead in the space race rather than on progress, an informative, unbiased article is, to say the least, refreshing. I thought your article on the Russian cosmonauts, Nikolayev and Popovich [Aug. 24], was both thorough and in keeping with the nature of reporting that we Americans claim we need.

True, we all should be informed of our position in relation to opposing forces and the foreign scene in general, but fear should not be permitted to force the accomplishments of others into a subordinate position.

BRUCE F. BRADLEY

Baltimore

Sir:

There may be one more problem facing NASA when they finally do get our man on the moon: steering clear of Russian residential sections there.

THOMAS E. BARONE JR.

New Orleans

Sir:

The American people must not despair because of Russian achievements. Second place is pretty good, and I'm sure we are a pinch for at least that.

GAIL HOYT

Medford, Ore.

Sir:

Now is the time for the United States to show action instead of words.

We have the money to spend. We are the richest country in the world. I'm sure that Russia seldom haggles about funds.

THOMAS F. STEWART

Bryantville, Mass.

Sir:

Will TIME be on hand when the cosmonauts go winter-skiing with Mrs. Khrushchev?

ADDIS GUTMANN JR.

Seattle

▶ With camera, we hope.—Ed.

## Good Joe

Sir:

TIME's dissection of "Hollywood grief" [Aug. 17] was a masterpiece.

By trying to bring dignity to Marilyn Monroe's funeral instead of permitting it to degenerate into a Hollywood spectacular,

Joe DiMaggio should receive the gratitude of all those who honestly held her in affection and respect.

JERRY C. DAVIS

Falls Church, Va.

## The Byrd Tree



EVELYN BYRD

1744] of Westover, himself a royal pippin on the family apple tree.

DOROTHY L. TYLER

Detroit

▶ Known as "fair Evelyn" (pronounced Evelyn), Byrd's daughter was a celebrated beauty (see cut). As a young girl she went to live in England where she fell in love with the Earl of Peterborough. Her father forbade the match because the earl was Catholic. A broken-hearted Evelyn returned to Virginia where she died at the age of 20. The name Evelyn is missing in the sixth generation (circa 1830), but has shown up in every other, impartially divided between male Byrds and lady Byrds.—Ed.

Sir:

Thank goodness this country has Senator Byrd, who knows that apples grow on trees, to keep check on President Kennedy, who thinks that money grows on trees.

(MRS.) PATRICIA SKAVDAHL

Richland, Wash.

Sir:

I note with interest that Harry Byrd's ancestor objected to the 13 colonies' obtaining their independence from England, which rings true in his thinking today on wanting to preserve the status quo.

R. W. TURQUETTE

El Paso, Texas

Sir:

I previously envisioned Senator Byrd as a pompous know-it-all seeking to throw a monkey wrench into this Administration's or any administration's legislative hopes.

I am still opposed to his views on legisla-

tive policy, but, thanks to your enlightening article, I now respect both the man and his opinions.

HARVEY STABINSKY

Brooklyn

## Dry Eyes

Sir:

You state that "famed, publicity-sensitive Trial Lawyer Louis Nizer . . . brought tears even to the eyes of opposing Assistant State's Attorney James Thompson with the eloquence of his plea . . ." [Aug. 10].

He wasn't and I didn't.

JAMES R. THOMPSON

Chicago

## The Sister & the Family

Sir:

I would like to reiterate Sister Mary Paul's statement that she protests "almost alone" against the publicizing of President Kennedy and his family. Her opinion expressed in the *Nation* and reported in TIME (Aug. 17) are certainly not to be taken as those of the Sisters of Mercy as a whole, nor of the administration and faculty of College Misericordia.®

We especially deplore the author's accusation of the "amassing of personal power" by the President. We admire his vigorous and sometimes vehement self-dedication to the cause of justice and charity in the country of which he is chief executive. If it be true that "Mr. Kennedy has become synonymous with the U.S.," then we can be proud of the reputation that his character and personality are building for us on the world scene.

SISTER MARY CELESTINE, R.S.M.

President

College Misericordia

Dallas, Pa.

Sir:

I commend Sister Mary Paul for expressing thoughts that many of us Americans have held but not voiced. We Americans know how the average family conducts itself, but people throughout the world think we live the flamboyant and ostentatious lives of the Kennedys. Ask any average woman her last day of complete relaxation from her household duties, or any full-blooded American man the number of times he plays football a week.

(MRS.) PATRICIA H. BATTAGLIA

Loudonville, N.Y.

Sir:

May I please add a loud Methodist amen to Sister Mary Paul's protest against the Kennedy personality cult.

The world, and especially our country, has been given an overdose of Kennedys.

I hope the next President will be a Republican bachelor who is also an only child.

SAM SHARP

Dallas

## Hand-Tailored Interns

Sir:

As an organization which has been in the business of placing political interns in Washington and elsewhere for a decade, we were delighted to read "Interns in Government" [Aug. 17]. To round out the research, only two points need be added: that large numbers of the interns come from west of the Hudson, and that a distinction ought to be drawn between "political" and "administrative" internships.

Not many interns can expect the political glamour and responsibility of "handling secret dispatches for the Somali Republic's new Ambassador to the U.S." They should, however, expect assignments which will test their mettle and give them some insight into the

® Sister Mary Paul's order and school.

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BERNARD C. HENNESSY

Director

National Center for Education in Politics  
New York City

#### Princess Who?

Sir:

Why do members of the news media continue to refer to Lee Radziwill as princess? This claim to royalty was recently specifically denied by the British authorities. Is there a prince who is perhaps a pretender to something? If she truly is a princess, fine, but if not, why the insistence on the title? Is this another publicity bit to further enhance the dynasty? If there is some foundation to the use of the title, would you please let me know what it is.

WARREN M. SCOTT JR.

Houston

► *Lee's husband, Stanislas Radziwill, is a descendant of Polish kings. However, as a naturalized British subject, he is not entitled to hold a foreign title without a royal license, which has not been granted to him. The Radziwills, nevertheless, continue to call themselves Prince and Princess.—Ed.*

#### San Diego Sound & Fury

Sir:

TIME Magazine has always in the past, in my consideration, been a fair and impartial review of situations existent in our country and throughout the world.

However, as mayor of the city of San Diego, I must protest as erroneous and non-factual your August 17th issue report headlined "Bust Town?"

Through the years we have accomplished more than the average community in providing employment, housing and industry for our people. We are proud of the great U.S. naval facilities here, and acknowledge their service to our economy. We are proud of achievements in the various fields of aviation and space, and of the talented engineers and scientists whose interests bring them here. We are proud of our accomplishments in the educational field and soon will have a large major campus of the University of California located here. We are proud of our civic cooperation that has made possible the location of the Jonas Salk Institute for Biological Research here. We have earned our niche in this world.

True, we are in the center of a recession that plagues our entire nation. However, its effect on the city has not been such that warrants your condemnation.

CHARLES C. DAIL

Mayor

San Diego

Sir:

Ignore hot denials from our ostrich-type city officials. San Diego is a '62 bust.

JOHN H. COLWELL

Sales Manager

Palette Enterprises Inc.

San Diego

Sir:

We have lived in San Diego all our lives, and we want to tell you that we are glad someone has finally noticed the bad economic situation in San Diego. My husband has been out of work for three months. He worked for Conval for more than eleven years and was laid off along with thousands of others. He knows no other trade. He has looked everywhere. Soon he will be forced to look for work out of town or state. We do

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not want to leave San Diego; we have our home, and our children are enrolled in school. We hope your article may help bring work to San Diego.

(MRS.) WANDA MARCHESE

San Diego

Sir:

You only scratched the surface: city officials do nothing but cover up for one another. This town is in real trouble. Look at all the empty stores on every main street. The growing pains that they mention are from growing broke.

GERALD DUNN

Sales Manager

House of Hardtops

San Diego

Sir:

Your factual reporting of the business slump in San Diego is typically drained by the city fathers, whose blind optimism creates the poor business climate.

I am one of the numerous small-business owners who are liquidating stock and going out of business.

EVE H. LOWERY

San Diego

### Good Companions

Sir:

I appreciate the excellent article on the St. Louis metropolitan police department [Aug. 24]. I regret the oversight in not crediting the outstanding service and cooperation of the other police board members: Russell L. Dearnont, Alphonse G. Eberle, Kenneth Teasdale and Raymond R. Tucker.<sup>2</sup>

Without their counsel and support, no such record would have been possible.

H. SAM PRIEST

President

Board of Police Commissioners

St. Louis Police Department

St. Louis

### Souvenirs

Sir:

Will you please thank all the ladies and gentlemen who did the wonderful cover story of "Dutch" Kindelberger some years back [June 29, 1953]. It is one of my most treasured souvenirs of the wonderful man I had the privilege of spending 18 years with. Also thank you for the notice in Milestones [Aug. 3]. It told more in a few words of what he was and stood for than the many things that have been written of him.

HELEN LOUISE KINDELBERGER

Palm Springs, Calif.

<sup>2</sup> Dearnont, 71, is executive consultant and former chairman of the board of Missouri Pacific Railroad. Eberle, 73, is an attorney and former dean of St. Louis University Law School. Teasdale, 67, is also an attorney and a former president of the Missouri Bar Association, and Tucker, 65, is mayor of St. Louis and an ex-officio member of the police board.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

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AUG. 1962

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quality-built Ford Motor Company car: "Another thing that impressed us more than favorably was the solidness of the Fairlane construction. Our test car never developed even one squeak or rattle during the time we drove it. At cruising speeds . . . the noise level is the lowest we've encountered in any car." More proof that our cars are quality-built to last longer, need less care and keep their value better.

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One super-smooth coating of this tough plastic, applied using Republic techniques\*, becomes an

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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## A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

THE handsome new building (right) under a brooding Paris sky is the \$5,000,000, nine-story TIME & LIFE building on the Avenue Matignon, just off the Champs Elysées. When the building opens this fall, TIME Inc. will occupy the top three floors; the rest of the office space has already been rented, mostly to subsidiaries of U.S. companies.

The lowering sky may come from the fact that the unretouched picture shown here was transmitted last week with the speed of light from Paris to the TIME & LIFE Building in New York City, bouncing off the communications satellite Telstar as it hurried 3,000 miles overhead.

THE sight of husky New York cops dressed up as women to decoy nighttime muggers gave Manhattan newspaper feature writers their biggest outing in transatlantic humor since *Charley's Aunt*. But the program, said New York's finest, has paid off with "remarkable success" (see THE NATION). Police Commissioner Michael Murphy was the first to give credit where credit is due: he was merely expanding on an idea tried out in St. Louis that the commissioner read about in TIME just last week.



TIME & LIFE, PARIS

THIS week it is the Berlin wall. Last week it was the flight of Russia's space twins. Fortnight ago, it was Senator Byrd's family tree. Week after week, Robert M. Chapin Jr. seeks vivid new pictorial ways to illustrate the news. He has been doing it for 25 years for TIME. Beginning as a one-man operation, Chapin now has a staff of six, including Artists Vincent Puglisi and Jere Donovan, to turn out an average of six to eight maps, charts, drawings and diagrams weekly. A few years back, Walter W. Ristow of the Library of Congress declared that "Chapin maps have established a pattern and style for modern newsmagazine cartography," and referred to Chapin as one of the "major pillars" of the craft.

A trained architect (University of Pennsylvania, '33), Chapin decided in the Depression that he would rather be an employed cartographer than a starving architect. He has since been able to combine a little of both interests: he built his own modern hilltop home in Sharon, Conn., and is currently chairman of the building committee for a \$1,500,000 improvement of the Sharon Hospital.

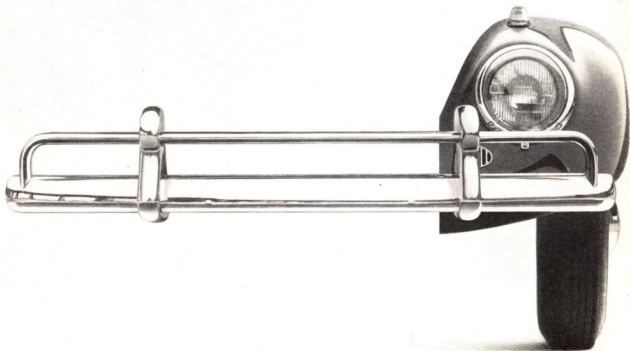
On the job, Chapin seeks by graphic inventiveness to "accent the point of a story, not just to produce a reference map." He avidly enjoys charting space exploration, and looks forward to "real detailed maps of the moon to work with."



ROBERT M. CHAPIN JR.

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## What if you only need part of a Volkswagen?

You're in luck.  
Parts of Volkswagens are easier to get  
than whole ones.

Any part. For any year.

That's the nice thing about making the  
same car year-in and year-out.

You can spend your time fiddling with  
the insides instead of the outside.

We've made some 3,000 improvements  
in our little car and hundreds of them fit  
our oldest models, too.

(Did you know you can get parts for a  
15-year-old VW faster than for some of  
the new jobs around?)

Volkswagen parts are also easy to in-  
stall. For instance, our fenders are bolted

on. (10 bolts do it. So you don't have to  
replace half the car.)

And the whole engine can be replaced  
in an hour and a half.

Of course, as you think about  
this, you may prefer to get all  
our new parts at once.

We have such a package.



## THE NATION

### SPACE

#### Tone & Pace

The Pentagon corridors were deserted as, at 7:30 a.m., Defense Secretary Robert McNamara entered the beige-carpeted private dining room of Air Force Secretary Eugene Zuckert. Over breakfast, McNamara and Zuckert discussed the U.S. military space program, which had come under heavy fire since the companionable flights of Cosmonauts Popovich and Nikolayev. McNamara asked Zuckert if he felt that the Department of Defense was delaying essential Air Force space projects. Replied Zuckert, a loyal friend (and squash-court foe) to McNamara since the 1940s, when they both taught at the Harvard School of Business: "It's not anything you're holding up, Bob. But the tone and the pace of our program are not right."

Stronger criticism of the lagging U.S. military space program came from Nevada's Senator Howard W. Cannon, a brigadier general in the Air Force Reserve. In a speech roundly seconded by Arizona's Barry Goldwater, himself a major general in the Air Force Reserve, Cannon warned that U.S. security depends upon the military control of space, since "the U.S.S.R. space program is being directed toward attaining military dominance in the near-earth space envelope." McNamara phoned Cannon for an appointment, slipped up to Capitol Hill for an hour and a half of serious discussion about the problem. Next day the question came up at President Kennedy's press conference. Kennedy was candid about the U.S.'s trailing Russia in the overall space race. "We started late—we're trying to overtake them. And I think by the end of the decade we will. But we're in for some further periods when we'll be behind. And anybody who attempts to suggest we're not behind misleads the American people." But Kennedy saw no need for a crash military program. He pointed out that the Pentagon this year will spend \$1.5 billion on space—three times the 1960 figure. Furthermore, Kennedy argued: "There is a great interrelationship between the military and peaceful use of space. But we're concentrating on the peaceful use of space, which will also help us protect our security if that becomes essential."

**The Big Horses.** In fact, many professional military men—particularly in the Air Force—insist that specialized military requirements demand specialized space



ZUCKERT, KENNEDY & McNAMARA  
Feeling for the proper throttle setting.

technology. The civilian officials and scientists of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration are shooting for the moon, and they tend to shrug off the military aspects of space. In contrast to the moonshooters, the Air Force foresees the need for a manned spacecraft, rugged and simple in design, that will be ready to go any time in any weather, reach orbit, maneuver in space, and return to earth as a matter of combat routine.

The Air Force has consistently had its proposals turned down by the Department of Defense, which insists that a project must have a "demonstrated military requirement" before it can be approved. Says one top Air Force official: "Frankly, we're not at the stage where you can have a detailed plan. We're more intuitive about this. You've got to have some horses and bet on them real big. It's the only way to win. The Russians aren't going to sit around waiting for the next fiscal year." Says another: "We want a hard-hitting, driving program, and Defense wants an orderly, tentative one. It's a matter of tempo."

**Any Way Is O.K.** It was in the light of these complaints and criticisms that McNamara last week undertook a full-scale review of the military space program. By a happy coincidence, he was able to an-

nounce final approval of plans to build the Titan III, due for use in 1964 or 1965, which will be nearly three times as powerful as the rockets that lifted the Russian *Vostoks* into orbit. The status of other key Air Force space projects reviewed by McNamara:

- To make a start in military spacecraft, the Air Force hopes for a 1964 launch of the Dyna-Soar, the manned space glider, which will be the forerunner of more sophisticated vehicles that will be able to maneuver while in orbit.
- To track all satellites by radar, the Air Force is already operating the Space Detection and Tracking System (SPADATS), which watched the *Vostoks*. The Air Force is now striving to increase radar ranges, improve detection and tracking techniques.
- To give an immediate warning of enemy missile firings, the Air Force is banking on Midas satellites, which will detect the launch by sensing the infra-red glow given off by the booster exhausts. To date, however, the Air Force has still not been able to develop reliable infra-red sensors. Eventually, Midas satellites will be scattered through space in random patterns to keep an eye on the entire world.
- To examine suspicious foreign satellites, the Air Force is cranking up the



THE PRESIDENT & BATHERS IN SANTA MONICA  
They swooned when he swam.

LOS ANGELES TIMES—AP

Satellite Inspector program (dubbed "Saint"). When perfected, Saint's satellites will be able to rendezvous within 50 ft. or so of a strange satellite, size it up by TV and infra-red and radiation detectors. Says one official: "It's a very orderly program, but there's some question whether that's the proper throttle setting."

► To destroy enemy satellites, the Air Force wants its own manned satellites. To learn more about man in space, the Air Force wants to be tied into NASA's Project Gemini, the two-man satellite scheduled to fly in 1963. In addition, the Air Force has under preliminary development an aerospace "plane," which would use an air-breathing engine in the atmosphere, switch to rockets in space.

As the review of the military space program went on last week, both Defense and Air Force officials agreed that more money might be pumped into certain key projects such as Saint and Midas, and that, in all likelihood, there will be a substantial boost in the space budget presented to Congress in January. Says a top Air Force official: "The pressure of events will make things change. Some people will claim it would have come anyway, without the cosmonauts. But that's O.K., as long as we get the programs."

## THE PRESIDENCY

### It's Nice to Be Liked

President Kennedy had just completed his three-day "nonpolitical" trip to South Dakota, Colorado and California—and he personally considered it a smashing political success. Wherever he went, cheering crowds told him that he still had his way with the people. And when he went swimming, they swooned.

The swimming incident took place in

Santa Monica, where Kennedy had stopped off for a visit with his brother-in-law, Actor Peter Lawford. The President spent a lazy afternoon beside Lawford's pool, then, deciding he wanted to try the surf, strode through a gate onto the public beach. Hundreds of bathers came running up. Shaking hands as he went, the President marched into the water. Many of his admirers trailed after him, including one fully dressed woman. After 15 minutes, Kennedy emerged from the sea, and again he was all but mobbed.

All this was heady stuff. And its memory kept Kennedy cheerful after his return to Washington.

## THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

### On the Way with L.B.J.

Lyndon Johnson hit Teheran as though he were running for Shah—and if the warmth of his welcome was an indication, he might be able to get the job. With Wife Lady Bird and Daughter Lynda Bird, 18, the Vice President swept down Eisenhower Boulevard, so named after Ike's 1959 visit. Three times Johnson confused his smartly uniformed police escort by halting the motorcade and hopping out of his car to grasp all the outstretched hands within reach (one observer counted 300 in five minutes). The crowds responded with the highest praise they knew: "*Javida Shah!*" (Long live the King!).

Iran was one of six nations on Johnson's 2½-week travel itinerary. Previously, he had made trips to such boiling cold war hot spots as South Viet Nam, Thailand and West Berlin. This time, at President Kennedy's request, Johnson was traveling not as a cold war fireman but with the simple aim of keeping friends and influencing peoples.

**Loaded with Shovels.** In Lebanon, the first stop, Lyndon's motorcade had barely pulled away from Beirut's Khalde International Airport when the Vice President was off and running. He jumped out of the car at a traffic circle, strode through ankle-deep sand to a burlap-shaded watermelon stand. There he conferred with the proprietor, Ibrahim Sawaan, 15, who grinned up at him from beneath a grubby red cap emblazoned "Champion Spark Plugs." Lyndon assured young Sawaan that the U.S. has "an abiding and unchanging interest in the independence and integrity of Lebanon," got an uncomprehending smile for his trouble. The Vice President winked and went on: "Sure good to see you. Tell your mother, brothers and sisters hello for me."

That afternoon, inspecting a highway construction project five miles north of Beirut, Johnson was in top form. He announced that he had started out on a road gang himself after finishing high school, asked a dump-truck crew: "How much does this truck hold?" Five yards, they answered. Said Lyndon: "My first job was on a truck that held only one yard. We loaded it with shovels, then dumped it." Turning to Lebanon's Public Works Minister Pierre Gemayel, Johnson added: "You're going to realize great benefits from work like this. In my country, one of the most important steps in our development was getting the farmers out of the mud. In my own state of Texas now, no farmer has to drive more than a mile to get to paved road."

**One Failure.** Johnson's homey informality was as effective with chiefs of state as it was with truck drivers. In Teheran he met with Premier Assadollah Alam, then drove through 100° heat to Saadabad



WATERMELON BOY & JOHNSON  
He blinked as he winked.

Palace for a 75-minute conference with Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. To Johnson's expression of U.S. confidence in the goals of his government, the Shah responded at length and with passion: he reiterated his dedication to bettering the lot of his people, pledged to carry forward reforms in agriculture and education, reminded his guests that he had recently given more than \$130 million of his personal fortune to improve the health and welfare of Iranians.

After Iran would come Turkey, Cyprus, Greece and Italy. So far, the only thing Lyndon had failed to do was to invite another camel driver to the U.S.

## AMERICANS ABROAD

### One of Their Own

Jacqueline Kennedy had originally planned to stay at Ravello for two weeks. But the two became three, and now they have stretched into four. She was having such a wonderful time that it almost seemed she might yet declare herself a permanent resident.

The sun-drenched life was all the more pleasant because the pace had slowed. To be sure, she still kept photographers busy—with profitable results. And the Ravello villa was still a crowded place: on the premises with Jackie and little Caroline were Jackie's sister Lee Radziwill, Lee's three-year-old son and two-year-old daughter, a dozen or so U.S. Secret Service agents, a score of Italian cops, and an ample household staff. At home Caroline played hostess to some of the village children—the daughters of a carpenter, a boatman, a laborer. None of them spoke English, and Caroline does not yet speak Italian. But in the international language of kids, they communicated perfectly.

By and large, Jackie settled into a holiday routine of reading and children-watching, with occasional water-skiing and village-strolling. Late one day she went on a shopping spree, bought a variety of silk blouses in greens and pinks, along with some velvet rope-soled shoes. She seemed just another mother when she took Caroline to an ice-cream party at the villa of an American friend, Dr. Judith Schoellkopf.

An earthquake that hit Naples, 20 miles away, caused a slight tremor at Ravello, and Jackie quickly sent a message of sympathy to the Neapolitan victims. "I am deeply distressed by the destruction caused by the earthquake in Southern Italy," she wrote. "The past two weeks have reaffirmed my admiration and affection for the people of this part of the world and filled me with gratitude for all their kindness and courtesy. That they, who give so much in heart and spirit, should suffer loss of life and home is truly a calamity. I pray that all who have suffered may speedily be helped in their great need."

Her sympathy plainly came from the heart, and Italians sensed it. This week Jackie planned to celebrate with the citizens of Ravello as fireworks splashed the sky at the Feast of St. Pantaleone. She



JACKIE & PHOTOGRAPHERS



COMING ASHORE  
She stayed and they loved it.

could feel right at home among the villagers, who were beginning to look upon her as one of their own.

Also representing the Kennedy family in Europe: Rose Kennedy, the President's mother, was vacationing on the French Riviera; Pat Kennedy Lawford and Jean Kennedy Smith, after helping Actor Jack Lemmon celebrate his betrothal in Paris, stayed on to enjoy the city.

## CONGRESS

### Toward the Fork

Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman warned last week that U.S. farm policy is heading toward a fork in its rutted road. One way, he said, leads to "supply management"—a term for the high price supports and strict production controls that Freeman favors. The other route is that of "the free market"—and, Freeman insists, to take it would mean that "rural America would be irreparably changed, communities destroyed, institutions seriously damaged."

The very next day the U.S. Senate gave Freeman a push in the direction he wants to follow. It passed a bill giving Freeman greater powers over agriculture. Under existing laws, the national wheat land is fixed at 55 million acres. The Senate bill would remove that limitation



WATER SKIING

and give Freeman the right to estimate the amount of wheat the nation will need each year and tell individual farmers how many acres they may plant.

Also in the bill was a sleeper: an amendment casually introduced by Agriculture Committee Chairman Allen Ellender. It would repeal, starting with the 1964 crops, the present requirement that feed grains be supported at a minimum 65% of parity. In other words, feed grains might not be supported at all—and neither farmers nor farm politicians are ready for that drastic a step.

Too late Republicans tried to reverse the vote on the amendment. Iowa's Bourke Hickenlooper explained that Freeman could use it as a club: by confronting Congressmen with the prospect of no feed-grain supports whatever, he might be able to beat Congressmen into accepting his whole program for "supply management." But the G.O.P. motion to reconsider the amendment failed. That left it up to conferees from the Senate and the House to undo the damage.

Other congressional actions last week: ▶ The Senate passed and sent to the House a bill tightening drug safety controls. Reflecting concern over the baby-deforming side effects of the drug thalidomide, the bill would require drug firms to record all side effects of their drugs, list such effects in sales literature, prove that a drug is effective as well as safe.

▶ The Senate also passed, for the President's signature, a \$73 million appropriation to compensate the Philippines for World War II damages, thus partially atoning for an affront to the islands inflicted by a House vote to kill the bill last May. The House action had so angered the Philippines that President Diosdado Macapagal canceled his scheduled goodwill visit to the U.S. At President Kennedy's urging, the House later reversed itself. After the Senate appropriation—final installment on a total payment of \$473 million—Kennedy said he hoped that the whole incident "can now be regarded as an unhappy footnote in the long history of our relations with the Philippines."

## INVESTIGATIONS

### Setting Up the Fall Guy

Testifying in the Billie Sol Estes investigation, former Agriculture Department Official Emery ("Red") Jacobs spoke a classic bit of bureaucratese. "The state to which the situation has been definitized," he said, "is uncertain."

Well, maybe, and maybe not. One thing that had been "definitized" was that Under Secretary Charles S. Murphy, 53, the No. 2 man in the department, is in



AGRICULTURE'S MURPHY  
"The state to which the situation has been definitized is uncertain."

for a hard time before the subcommittee when he appears, probably this week. To many it appears that he is being set up as the fall guy.

Witness Jacobs, who was ousted from the department on charges that he had accepted financial favors from Billie Sol, had a confusing way with words. At one point he apologetically confided to the Senators that "my lucidity doesn't quite equal my ambiguity." But one thing came through quite clearly. Jacobs blamed Murphy for the basic decision that made Billie Sol's extensive land and cotton-allotment shenanigans possible. Also pointing a finger at Murphy was Witness John Bagwell, the Agriculture Department's general counsel.

"Anybody Else?" To Subcommittee Chairman John McClellan, such testimony seemed persuasive. Some high Agriculture Department official, he said, must have made the decision that helped Estes. "Who is that person?" he asked in his rhetorical rumble. "Who? Either the Secretary or Murphy. Anybody else?" But McClellan had already publicly absolved Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman: "I want to commend the Secretary, for as soon as he got the full facts on this he said, 'This won't do!' and he canceled those cotton allotments." That, in McClellan's mind, seemed to leave Murphy,

a Government careerist who helped draft the New Deal's second Agricultural Adjustment Act in 1938 and who served as special counsel to Harry Truman, as the chief culprit.

McClellan appeared only slightly less certain after Jacobs testified that Freeman's executive assistant, Thomas R. Hughes, had been in on department discussions of the Estes case as early as January. Hughes denied it at once, but Jacobs had at least raised some question about previous evidence that Freeman knew



EX-BUREAUCRAT JACOBS

nothing of the Billie Sol mess until late March.

"All the Way." Meanwhile, back yonder in Texas, Billie Sol kept getting himself deeper into the soup. He was arrested in Abilene last week after driving his white 1961 Cadillac 1) through a stop sign, 2) the wrong way into a one-way street, 3) without a driver's license. On the way to the station house, he complained to the cop who had pinched him: "I've been blamed for a lot of things I didn't do. A lot of things are not true. I respect the law all the way." That statement has not yet been definitized.

## AGRICULTURE Battle of the Clouds

In a parched field near Mercersburg, Pa., Dairy Farmer Jack K. Beck pointed a finger toward a distant mountain rim. "We always used to get rain when the clouds came across that mountain," he said. "But not any more, with that cloud seeding going on. I've stood here and watched the plane fly into a black cloud, and within five minutes that cloud scattered and the sun shone. I tell you, somebody's going to get hurt over it unless they stop."

Throughout the Appalachian region where corners of Pennsylvania, West Vir-

ginia, Maryland and Virginia tangle together, hundreds of farmers agree with disgruntled Dairyman Beck in blaming cloud seeding for the worst drought in a generation. The farmers are furious at the area's fruitgrowers, who are sponsoring the seeding—and with increasing frequency, the threat is heard that somebody's going to get hurt.

**To Prevent Hail.** During the warm months, the Appalachian fruit region is occasionally pelted by hailstones as big as golf balls, which smash and bruise the ripening apples and peaches. In 1957, after a year of especially heavy hail damage, fruitgrowers in the four states got together in an organization called the Blue Ridge Weather Modification Association. They hired a cloud-seeding firm to combat the costly hail.

The cloud-seeding team, headquartered in Martinsburg, W. Va., sends up two planes, a T-6 and an elderly P-51, to attack threatening clouds with sprays of silver iodide crystals. The seeders also maintain 110 generators that send forth invisible streams of silver iodide particles. These rise into the air and—the weathermakers hope—eventually reach the clouds. The notion is that silver iodide in either form prevents hailstones from forming. As for the farmers' conviction that the seeding also prevents rain, the weathermaking team argues that this year's dry spell is simply part of the widespread drought afflicting much of the Northeastern U.S.

**To Get Rain.** Such protestations of innocence have not diluted the drought-stricken farmers' bitterness. In several towns, farmers have held protest meetings against seeding. In Falling Waters, W. Va., Farmer Bruce Kitchen and two neighbors are collecting signatures on a petition in hopes of getting an anti-seeding bill introduced in the state legislature. Farmers have threatened to shoot at cloud-seeding planes. In Mercersburg, they were blamed for cutting down 138 plum trees belonging to Orchardist Henry Heisey; he decided to withdraw from the Weather Modification Association.

The irony of the conflict is that, according to most meteorologists, both sides are completely mistaken: the seeding does not make much difference either to rainfall or hail formation. Under the sponsorship of the National Science Foundation, scientists at the University of Arizona carried out an elaborate investigation of cloud seeding from 1957 through 1960, concluded that it has no statistically detectable effect.

## THE JUDICIARY The Long Wait

He was enthusiastically nominated by President Kennedy, certified as "well qualified" by the American Bar Association, endorsed by the overwhelming majority of Senators of both parties. Yet for nearly a year the Senate has dillydallied over the confirmation of Thurgood Marshall as a judge on the Second Circuit of the U.S. Court of Appeals (New York,



Connecticut and Vermont). Why? Because a handful of Southern Senators object to Marshall as the longtime chief counsel to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the man who successfully argued the 1954 school integration case before the Supreme Court.

Under normal Senate procedure, Marshall's appointment went to the Judiciary Committee, chaired by Mississippi's James O. Eastland. Eastland assigned a three-man subcommittee under South Carolina's Olin Johnston to study the nomination. When the subcommittee finally got down to business in July, Johnston looked on benignly as Subcommittee Counsel Lincoln Lipscomb, a Mississippian, closely questioned Marshall about the propriety of a number of N.A.A.C.P. cases—including many in which Marshall had played no direct part. As the same sort of questioning stretched into August, New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating, a member of the Judiciary Committee, felt compelled to interject: "The line of questioning in this case is unprecedented, and, from what I have heard so far, I must say irrelevant."

Last week, asked at his press conference about the holdup on Marshall, President Kennedy said that he had received "assurances" that the Senate would not adjourn without taking action on Marshall's nomination. Whereupon South Carolina's Johnston at last brought the hearings to an end, moving Michigan's Democrat Philip A. Hart to exclaim: "Amen and thank heaven!" Still, Johnston indicated that it might take a while longer before the subcommittee actually got around to taking a formal vote on Marshall. Said Johnston: "I'm not predicting anything yet in regard to the matter. We have to give the other members a chance to read the record. As long as I am chairman, I will do what is right and just."



FRED KLEIN—N.Y. MIRROR

NEW YORK STREET SCENE



FRANK HURLET—N.Y. DAILY NEWS



IRA ROSENBERG—N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE



UPI

## AVIATION

### The Crowded Sky

The statistic in a confidential report prepared for the Federal Aviation Agency was enough to shake even the most seasoned air traveler: during the average 24 hours, eight near misses occur between planes in flight over the U.S. A near miss means that two planes came so close that they would have collided if one pilot or the other had not detected the danger and taken action to escape it.

For that matter, actual mid-air collisions occur much oftener than most people realize. Federal agencies have recorded seven so far this year in U.S. airspace, and a total of 438 (most of them involving small planes) during the past quarter century. The collision danger increases steadily as more and more planes take to the air, and as air speeds increase. The faster planes are traveling, the less time pilots have to avoid a threatened collision. Once two high-speed jets on a collision course get within a mile of each other, a crash is inevitable: at 600 m.p.h. they will close the one-mile gap in three seconds.

## CRIME

### Behind a Woman's Skirts

The girl in the flowered babushka looked like an easy mark. Wearing a yellow dress, a black sweater and tan sandals, she was loitering on the lonely shore of a Central Park lake. A purse lay carelessly at her side and suddenly, darting out of the night, a man grabbed it. Just then the girl became a man—and a cop. When the thug fled, Patrolman Robert Hussey pulled out his revolver, fired two warning shots, quickly collared his quarry.

In such fashion New York City's army of muggers, rapists and robbers last week began to discover that the tottering drunk or the lonely girl might really be a masquerading policeman. Inspired by the success of St. Louis police with similar tactics (TIME, Aug. 24), Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy initiated Operation Decoy as a new means of fighting New York's soaring crime rate, which nightly leaves bleeding victims sprawled on the sidewalk (see cut).

The prize roles were played by members of the Tactical Patrol Force, who did their burly best to look like women. They shaved their legs, wigged into tangerine Capri pants, padded themselves with balloons, pulled on curly-lock wigs, prettied up with plum-blossom lipstick, and practiced a seductive swing of their hips.

Some of the cops were over 6 ft. and 200 lbs. Some of them had peculiar bulges under their skirts that could only have been made by service revolvers. Few of them would have turned the head of a castaway sailor. But they got plenty of action—and results. By hiding behind a woman's skirts, New York City's decoys made 23 arrests in the first three days of the operation. They even hauled in three girls who, on closer examination, turned out to be males themselves.

## POLITICS

### Wrong Climate

Midwestern Democrats, about 1,000 of them, seemed to be having a rollicking good time at their party conference. Gathered at the Sheraton Hotel in French Lick, Ind., near the Lost River, they cheered waiters who balanced trays on their heads, made ribald jokes about the laxative effects of French Lick water. Only one thing kept nagging at them—worry about this fall's elections.

For public purposes, the Democrats kept up a bold show of confidence. They nodded when White House Aide Larry O'Brien, a guest speaker, stressed the electoral significance of the Midwest. "What happens here," cried O'Brien, "will be the determining factor in November. The Midwest holds the key." And they acclaimed O'Brien's peroration: "I say let the blood flow. We have the cause and our cause is right." But in their private, more candid moments, they were beset by doubts. "Realistically," said one, "we Democrats are faced with the basic problem that the votes aren't there. We made our score in 1958, when we had a lot of things going for us, like Ezra Taft Benson. The same climate isn't here today."

The Midwestern Democrats concluded: ▶ Their Senate future appears brightest. They do not expect to lose any seats, and

Who was that lady who mugged last night? That was no lady, that was a cop.

DECOY POLICEMEN DRESSED FOR WORK

may even pick up a couple. Their highest hopes are in South Dakota, where G.O.P. Incumbent Joseph Bottom is challenged by former Food-for-Peace Director George McGovern, and in Wisconsin, where aging Republican Alexander Wiley is up against retiring Governor Gaylord Nelson.

► In the House, the Democrats simply hope to keep their losses at a minimum. Many concede that they are likely to drop up to six—two in Illinois and one each in Kansas, Michigan, Missouri and Wisconsin. ► In the statehouses, the Midwestern Democrats can see nothing but trouble. They are not certain that they can take a single Governor's chair away from a Republican. They all but concede that the

Three men will oppose Sawyer in next week's Democratic primary:

► Singer-Composer Gene Austin, 62, campaigns by playing on the piano the song he helped make popular in the 1920s—*My Blue Heaven*. He has asked Harry Truman to join him in a political duet (no answer), declares that he "can do all the things the present Governor is doing and sing too." A proven musician (he wrote *The Lonesome Road*, *When My Sugar Walks Down the Street*, *How Come You Do Me Like You Do?*), he hopes to become a smash political hit with a platform plugging \$100-a-month pensions for every Nevada resident over 65, to be financed by boat-race sweepstakes on Nevada lakes. He also urges that all the

Bugsy Siegel's Flamingo Hotel, later bought 1% of the Desert Inn. In 1950 Greenspun pleaded guilty to running arms to Israel, was fined \$50,000, finally had his civil rights restored last year by President Kennedy. He long used the *Sun* in a vendetta against the late Senators Pat McCarran and Joseph McCarthy, once wrote a column in which he called McCarthy a "disreputable pervert." In taking on Sawyer, Greenspun would have some embarrassing *Sun* paragraphs to live down. Wrote he about the Governor in 1950: "He has exceeded our most extravagant hopes and predictions. Grant Sawyer is a man among men." Greenspun also gave his views last spring on newspaper owners who go into politics: "Too many newspapers have been destroyed by publishers with political ambitions. This I will never permit. For this little old paper means more to me than all the rewards which high office can bring."

► Oran Gragson, 51, is a first-term mayor of Las Vegas and a furniture-store owner. Respected and honest, he too has a tendency to say the wrong thing. Replying to Greenspun's charge that his election as mayor was a "fluke," Gragson countered: "My election as Governor of Nevada will be an even bigger fluke."

Unofficial Las Vegas odds: Gragson 2 to 1 over Greenspun in the primary; Sawyer 7 to 1 over Gragson in November.

## Debate About a Debate

There are wheels within wheels and boxes within boxes. And in California last week two big wheels got themselves locked in one box, debating over a debate.

After several months of political pondering, Democratic Governor "Pat" Brown decided to accept Republican Dick Nixon's challenge to a statewide TV debate. Since then, their seconds have been haggling bitterly about details. Nixon wanted four debates, Brown only one; they compromised on two, but on nothing else. Brown wants a format similar to that used in the Nixon-Kennedy debates, in which each man spoke for a few minutes, then answered questions put by a panel of newsmen. Nixon wants a straight head-on debate. Brown wants to discuss only California issues; Nixon wants no limitation on subject matter. And so on.

Last week Brown exploded: "He wants to dictate, and I won't permit it. Nixon apparently is afraid of direct inquiry into either his political past or his floundering attempts to develop a program for moving this state ahead. I think he has an unholly fear of the press. And this is something he will have to explain during the campaign." Retorted Nixon: "I call upon Brown to retract his ill-tempered outburst. If he does not do so, there can be only one conclusion. He is afraid to have his record exposed in a face-to-face confrontation with me."

## After Styles

New Hampshire has almost as many ambitious Republican politicians as it has people. Most of these, for nearly a quarter of a century, had to take a back seat to Senator Styles Bridges, the overlord of



NEVADA'S INCUMBENT SAWYER

Bets on the two-eyed jack.



GREENSPUN



GRAGSON

G.O.P.'s Fred Seaton will beat Incumbent Democrat Frank Morrison in Nebraska. They admit that Ohio Democrat Mike Di Salle is an underdog against Republican State Auditor James Rhodes. In Wisconsin they have little hope that Democratic Attorney General John Reynolds will defeat any of three Republicans fighting to succeed Nelson. And they view Michigan's Democratic Governor John Swainson as no better than even money against Republican George Romney.

## Wild Cards

They love wild cards in Nevada—and they've got a whole deckful in this year's game for Governor. Thus, while Incumbent Democrat Grant Sawyer may be the most competent of the lot, he seems about as exciting as a two-eyed jack.

In 1958, making his first try for state-wide office, Sawyer won by a surprising 17,000 votes—which, in Nevada, is a landslide. Since then, he has given the state an efficient, scandal-free administration, tightened control over gambling, attracted light industry. That record should be enough for his election unless one of those wild cards takes the pot.

candidates take lie-detector tests to see if they will keep their promises.

► George C. Moore Jr., 52, former *maitre d'* at The Sands in Las Vegas, is an egg-carton maker whose only visible campaign activity has been to plant one of his campaign signs on the Governor's reserved-parking curb behind the Capitol and another above a toilet in Virginia City's Delta Saloon. Explains Moore: "I'm conducting a sort of silent campaign. Right now things look good."

► M. D. Close, 61, owns a Las Vegas mortgage loan company, has a house with a palm tree growing through it. The top of the tree is spotlighted at night, now bears his campaign poster: M. D. CLOSE FOR GOVERNOR. His vague platform centers around a state lottery, which is illegal. But, platforms aside, he candidly admits: "I have a purpose in running—I wanna be elected."

If Governor Sawyer wins in the Democratic primary, he will face one of two Republicans:

► Hank Greenspun, 52, freewheeling publisher of the Las Vegas *Sun*, is a New Yorker who arrived in Las Vegas in 1946, became a publicity man for Mobster

New Hampshire Republicanism. But since Bridges' death last November, the aspirants for his old Senate seat have broken out all over.

**Long Thought.** Certainly the trimmest ankle of the lot is turned by Bridges' widow, Doloris, 46. She promises that she will carry on her husband's strong conservatism. "This is your money," she tells the ladies at coffees, teas and club dates, as she hits President Kennedy and his foreign policy. "This [U.N. money] is your money, not his private fortune, which is going to Poland, Yugoslavia, and India, which has consistently voted against us, and—hold your breath, girls—to Cuba!" She often invokes Styles's shade. "I thought about this a long time. I lay awake nights. I know what it requires to be a public servant, if you do it well. I am a respected co-worker with Styles, and those who admired Styles. If they can't have him, they would like to have me. I am a Styles Bridges Republican—and everyone knows what that is."

Ranged against Doloris Bridges are New Hampshire's two Congressmen, Perkins Bass and Chester Merrow, and Maurice Murphy Jr., who is serving out Styles's Senate term under appointment by Governor Wesley Powell. "Mo" Murphy, 34, an amiable fellow, is also considered a "Bridges Republican," but he stands to the southpaw side of Doloris (he favors financial aid to the U.N., she is against it). He argues that the voters ought to keep him in Washington because he is so young and he already has a few months' Senate seniority. Merrow, after 20 years in the House, has a well-oiled local organization, is accused by his opponents of voting more like a Democrat than a Republican. A dry ex-schoolteacher, he explains: "If federal money for Rye, for Portsmouth, for urban renewal in Manchester, and for better sewage disposal plants in many communities in our state is 'pork,' then I am for 'pork.'"

**New Doctor?** Of the four candidates, the one that Murphy, Merrow, and even Doloris will have to beat is Perkins Bass. The Bass name is almost as big as Bridges'



KENNEDY & MCCORMACK HEADQUARTERS IN BOSTON  
"I'm a young thing and want to join my brothers."

in New Hampshire Republican politics. Bass's grandfather helped manage Lincoln's second presidential campaign, was a pallbearer at Lincoln's funeral; his father was a New Hampshire Governor. In Bridges' terms, Perkins Bass is a liberal—he even supports a modified version of Kennedy's foreign trade program. "I feel very strongly," says he, "that Senator Murphy and Mrs. Bridges represent the point of view that will mean the ruin of the Republican Party. I think the outcome of this negative type of Republican thinking will put the Republicans in permanent minority status." He also scoffs at the notion that Doloris should go to the Senate by inheritance. "I agree that being the wife of a distinguished Senator is glamorous and interesting. But does this itself provide the background of knowledge, experience and training for the U.S. Senate? How many of us, if our doctor died, would go to his widow for treatment?"

That question can only be answered by the state's G.O.P. voters in the Sept. 11 primary.

## Sing Along with Ed

Teddy Kennedy was still favored to win Massachusetts' Sept. 18 Democratic primary for the U.S. Senate nomination, but Eddie McCormack seemed to be having more fun. Right next to Teddy's headquarters, Eddie opened his own digs. Teddy's banner proclaims that HE CAN DO MORE FOR MASSACHUSETTS. Eddie ("THE QUALIFIED CANDIDATE") insists in small window signs that HE HAS DONE MORE FOR MASSACHUSETTS THAN THE MAN NEXT DOOR. And Eddie's aides were thinking of inviting the voters to sing along with them to the tune of Billy Boy:

*Would you like to run for Mayor, Teddy boy, Teddy boy?  
Would you like to run for Mayor, charming Teddy?  
I don't want to run for Mayor; life in Washington is gay.  
I'm a young thing and want to join my brothers.*

*Then for Governor will you run, Teddy boy, Teddy boy?  
Then for Governor will you run, charming Teddy?  
No, for Governor I won't run; life in Washington is more fun.  
I'm a young thing and want to join my brothers.*

*Oh, to Congress will you go, Teddy boy, Teddy boy?  
Oh, to Congress will you go, charming Teddy?  
No, to Congress I won't go; John McCormack runs the show.  
I'm a young thing and want to join my brothers.*

*Would you like the White House more, Teddy boy, Teddy boy?  
Would you like the White House more, charming Teddy?  
Let us not be premature; I shall wait till '84.  
I'm a young thing and will not rush my brothers.*



MRS. BRIDGES CAMPAIGNING

"If they can't have him, they would like to have me."



SHINER BASS



BILD ZEITUNG

PETER FECHTER, DYING  
And the order was: "Stand fast. Do nothing."

## BERLIN

### Wall of Shame

(See Cover)

In flat, open country within the city's northern boundary, the land to the west is checkered with brown wheatfields and lush, green, potato gardens. Eastward stretches a no-man's land where once fertile fields lie desolate and deathly still. They could be in two different worlds—and, in a sense, they are. Even the countryside outside Berlin is divided into East and West by a vicious, impenetrable hedge of rusty barbed wire and concrete. As it snakes southward toward the partitioned city, it becomes the Wall.

Seldom in history have blocks and mortar been so malevolently employed or so richly hated in return. One year old this month, the Wall of Shame, as it is often called, cleaves Berlin's war-scarred face like an unhealed wound; its hideousness offends the eye as its inhumanity hurts the heart. For 27 miles it coils through the city, amputating proud squares and busy thoroughfares, marching insolently across graveyards and gardens, dividing families and friends, transforming whole street-fronts into bricked-up blankness. "The Wall," muses a Berlin policeman, "is not just sad. It is not just ridiculous. It is schizophrenic."

**Curses for Friends.** Last week a touch of mass schizophrenia rubbed off on West Berliners. Normally they are a cynical, cocksure breed who thumb their noses at trouble. "Mir kann keener," they brag in the local dialect. "No one can push me around." In 17 years as a cockpit of the cold war, West Berlin has usually reacted more coolly to its recurring alarms than Washington or Whitehall. Even the Wall seemed barely to have dented the city's composure.

Then, in an abrupt fit of rage at friend and foe alike, thousands of West Berliners went on a violent, four-day emotional bender that complicated the tense situation along the East-West barrier. What brought them to the boil was the death of

18-year-old Peter Fechter, shot while trying to cross the Wall. Many an East Berliner had died in similar efforts, but Fechter bled slowly to death in full view of a helpless, outraged crowd. Suddenly, all the pent-up frustrations exploded in an orgy of riots. After venting their anger on the detested East German border guards, rock-hurling, catcalling West Berliners battled their own police, stoned Russian soldiers, and shouted insults at harassed U.S. troops.

The mob's voice echoed in every major capital of the world, forcing Russia and the West into another of those nightmarish Berlin confrontations. It emphasized once again that so long as the Wall is allowed to stand, a perpetual threat to world peace exists in the heart of Europe.

**Sounds of Death.** West Berliners watch fretfully as the barricade grows more formidable and its servants' marksmanship

improves. The Wall has become an all-pervasive part of life in Berlin. At their backs, West Berliners feel the cold-eyed scrutiny of the Communist cops, whose duty is to guard their frontier not from those outside, but against their own people. Hardly a night passes without the rattle of gunfire and the sounds of death from the other side. To West Berliners, the Wall is a calendar: they will recall a date by saying, "It happened the month before the Wall." It is a direction finder: strangers in search of a Gartenstrasse bordello are told to follow the Wall until they see the wooden screens that the Communist border guards put up to end East-West flirtation.

Bernaerstrasse, where the windows and doorways of a row of houses have been bricked up for several blocks to become part of the Wall, is now a standard West Berlin tourist attraction. So are the parts



LACKENBACH—BLACK STAR

BERLINERS STONING SOVIET BUS  
Once they were depressed, now they are good and mad.



of the Wall that stretch through the working-class districts of Wedding and Neukölln, whose fiercely independent inhabitants can sometimes be seen lobbing rocks at the Reds for summer evening sport.

**Marxist Maginot.** At the Potsdamer Platz, which was Berlin's Times Square before the Wall truncated it, visiting sightseers mount wooden stands to gawk at the bare, dead city beyond. "In one quick look," they nod, "you can see what Communism is like." Berliners proudly point out each place where the Wall has been breached: eight celebrated holes in the ground where East-West tunnelers surfaced; the spot on the River Spree where 14 East Berliners turned pirate and steered an excursion boat to freedom. On the Wall's grey blocks of compressed rubble they scrawl elaborate imprecations against East Germany's Red Boss Walter Ulbricht and his commissars; one of the politest avers, "They think like Eichmann." And wherever Germans from the other side have died trying to escape Ulbricht's prison camp, West Berliners mark the spot with crosses that seldom lack for flowers.

Though the Wall itself ends in the U.S. sector, at East Germany's Schönefeld airport, watchtowers and barbed-wire barriers also seal the city's 65-mile western border with the Soviet zone. And that does not count the 830-mile Marxist Maginot line that seals East Germany's western frontier from the Baltic to Czechoslovakia. This is what Walter Ulbricht cynically calls the Democratic Anti-Fascist Protection Wall; already it boasts 500 watchtowers, 1,000 fortified bunkers, 93 miles of minefields, and throughout its length, the wide, plowed strips of earth where a footprint can be seen from a distance, alerting guards with savage dogs to another escape attempt.

**Fatal Pause.** In fact, Ulbricht's prison wall is a cynical denial of the human rights that are recognized by every civilized society, and even fraudulently guaranteed by the East German constitution, which pledges: "Every citizen has the right to emigrate." To Germans, the Wall's greatest mischief is its aim of permanently dismembering a divided nation whose people yearn to be reunified. West Berliners themselves must also think of their city's welfare. Said West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt last week: "The Wall must go, but until it goes, the city must live."

Brandt's words were prompted by Peter Fechter's ignominious death and the events that followed it. Fechter was an East Berlin bricklayer who had waited a year for an opportunity to join his sister in West Berlin. Because of his trade, he was allowed to work near the crumbling wall, and, with another 18-year-old, discovered a deserted lumberyard that was separated from a low stretch of Wall by a vacant lot and the "death strip," a border of sand within easy range of a dozen Communist tommy guns.

When the pair made their dash early one afternoon last week, Fechter's friend managed to climb the six-foot-high barrier and leap over the barbed wire on top. But Fechter paused for a few fatal seconds, long enough for the *Grenzpolizei* (border police) to raise their weapons and fire. Shot in the back by crossfire, Fechter fell back onto the death strip only 300 yds. from Checkpoint Charlie, the U.S. command post at the busy Friedrichstrasse border crossing.

**"Go Get Him."** There he lay, moaning "Hilfe, Hilfe," while a growing throng of horrified West Berliners stood gaping on the other side of the barrier. As the minutes ticked past, photographers, cops, even a couple of U.S. military policemen, edged gingerly up to the Wall's western side to have a look at the hideous sight. One conscience-stricken U.S. second lieutenant could stand it no longer, picked up the "hot line" telephone to Major General Albert Watson II, the U.S. commandant in West Berlin. Back came the order: "Lieutenant, you have your orders. Stand fast. Do nothing." Not knowing the reason for the Americans' inaction, an agonized crowd swirled around the command post crying: "For God's sake, go get him." When a German reporter asked why the American troops did not rescue Fechter, one G.I. replied, "This is not our problem."

Fifty-five minutes after he had fallen to the ground, Peter Fechter's lifeless body was carted away by Communist cops. He was the 50th East German known to have been killed while attempting to breach the Wall.

**Checking with Washington.** It was not the first time that Western soldiers have been powerless to help a wounded victim of the Grepos. Last December another youth died within a few yards of the British sector line. At the time, freewheeling General Lucius D. Clay snorted: "If that



MAJOR BRANDT ADDRESSING BERLINERS  
And some are just making trouble.

ever happened at the American sector, we would have had that boy out of there in ten minutes."

General Clay enjoyed a unique freedom of action—and comment—for he was sent to Berlin as President Kennedy's special representative. General Watson, in a complex chain of command from the Pentagon and the State Department, can hardly make a move without clearing it in advance with Washington. Like the men under him, he lives with the somber instructions that a single rash decision could trigger World War III.

On purely humanitarian grounds, there was wide feeling that his U.S. detachment at Checkpoint Charlie had a moral duty to minister to Peter Fechter as he lay dying. Reasoned a Berlin cab driver: "Even in war, both sides respect the right to collect the wounded." But in the explosive context of the cold war, there are few clear-cut rules. One solution would have been to call an army doctor, but in the excitement of the moment no one thought of calling a medic or even a priest. (The only bystander who made any effort to help Fechter was a West German policeman who dropped two first aid packages over the Wall.) But any attempt by U.S. troops to remove him would have invited political repercussions and, just possibly, shooting. If they had whisked Fechter through Checkpoint Charlie to a West Berlin hospital, the Russians would have had a readymade excuse for manhunting forays in the U.S. sector, the perfect pretext for kidnapping detectors.

**Ambulance Call.** General Watson, 53, a cool, meticulous professional, has only one standing order on which he can take major action: if the Russians move into West Berlin, start fighting. Thus, responsibility for caution lies with policymakers in Washington, London and Paris. After the Fechter incident, Watson suggested stationing an ambulance at Checkpoint Charlie, finally got permission after the proposal had gone all the way to the Pentagon and the White House. Even



that token gesture was of limited value, surrounded as it was by Washington's careful insistence that any wounded fugitive it might pick up would have to be taken to a hospital in the Soviet zone. "It would be kinder," shrugged one officer, "to give the poor devil a loaded revolver."

But West Berliners were too upset to be concerned with such niceties. They saw only that the mighty U.S., while pledged to preserve the life of the city, had not lifted a finger to help one desperate lad. As news of the tragedy spread, thousands of solid Berlin citizens and hordes of the city's rowdy *Halbstarke* (Teddy boys) flocked to the Friedrichstrasse border point to gape and grumble. They jeered

and elbowed their own West Berlin cops, booed shamefaced U.S. troops. For the first time in West Berlin's long love affair with the G.I., they chorused: "Ami [Americans], Go Home!" The West Berliners vented their rage on Ulbricht by raining curses and rocks on his Grepos and Vopos, and turned the barrage against their own police when the latter tried to reason with them.

**Guarding the Guard.** Berliners' most satisfying target for three straight evenings was the bus that shuttles the 25-man Soviet guard from Checkpoint Charlie to the Russian war memorial in the British sector near the Brandenburg Gate.

On the third and wildest night, the mob

broke 18 windows in the Soviet bus while its occupants cowered with heads in hands; later they made a bonfire of two old cars in an attempt to block its return. After beating back the *Bereitschaftspolizei*, Berlin's crack riot squads, the mob surged out of control around a three-jeep U.S. patrol, and stood catcalling and shaking their fists until MPs came after them brandishing M-14 rifles with fixed (but sheathed) bayonets.

Chanting "The Wall must go," some 5,000 demonstrators swarmed across the square in front of Berlin's city hall and used police loudspeakers to ask Mayor Willy Brandt what he planned to do about it. Brandt, who later blamed the outbursts on "a small minority of rowdies" and known Communist agents, warned them that they were playing into the hands of the Communists, and said that he had ordered his police to halt the demonstrations. Ignoring his advice, several mobs of more than 1,000 youths each headed for the Wall, where they cruised up and down hurling rocks at Vopos almost all night. Next evening another Soviet bus was twice waylaid by rock-hurling youths; later on, a wedge of car-borne demonstrators forced a Soviet staff car to seek temporary refuge in the U.S. Army's McNair barracks.

**The Escort Question.** The rioting finally petered out after heavily reinforced police had put a moat of barbed wire around Checkpoint Charlie and arrested 128 troublemakers. The Soviet guard faced trouble of a different sort when its commander announced that it was going to drive to the war memorial in three armored personnel carriers, which by tacit agreement between U.S. and Soviet commandants enter each other's sector only if they do not display arms. When the Soviet guard showed up with submachine-gun-toting soldiers standing on the sides of the vehicles, General Watson insisted that they climb inside. After a 43-minute argument, the Russians agreed and were escorted to the memorial by MPs. After another three-hour sitdown in which they objected to the escort, the Russians retaliated by dispatching a "quasi-escort" to shepherd a U.S. convoy on the Helmsstedt Autobahn.

At the top level, away from the streets, U.S. and Soviet commandants went through an Alphonse and Gaston exchange calculated to observe the diplomatic niceties without meeting face to face. U.S. commandant Watson, who had earlier sent the Russians a note protesting "acts of terror" (it was ignored), sent the deputy Soviet commandant, Colonel C.V. Tarasov, an invitation to attend a four-power meeting to discuss the disturbances (it was rejected). Tarasov then tried twice to see Watson to protest the stoning of Soviet troop buses. He was predictably rebuffed in both attempts. This merely widened the smile on his chubby face; Moscow was soon crowing that the Americans were not only unable to prevent hooliganism, but refused even to discuss their failures.

## ESCAPE AT DUSK

*An anti-Communist underground in East Germany has been actively in operation ever since Walter Ulbricht's Wall went up last year. Its major task is providing hideouts for East Germans facing arrest for political offenses against the regime. Maintaining tenuous contacts with unofficial West German anti-Communist groups, it has spirited dozens of these victims of East German oppression across the Wall to safety in the West. Last week, in West Berlin, TIME Correspondent Ed Clark witnessed one such carefully planned escape. His report:*

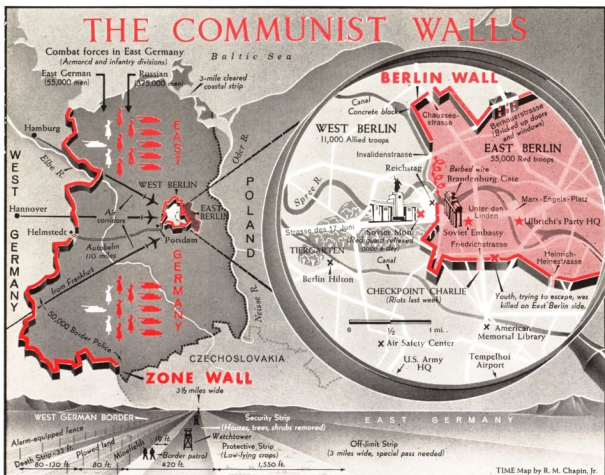
**T**he escapee was a 33-year-old cabaret entertainer in an East German city outside Berlin. His satiric comments on Communist economic failures so nettled the government that a warrant was put out for his arrest. But the underground heard the news in time to whisk the comic to East Berlin. There, for ten days, they hid him in a different house each day, while contact was made with a group of West Berliners, all under 20, who agreed to aid in the escape. One of them was the escapee's sister.

**Shameful Profiteers.** In a West Berlin working-class quarter hard by the Wall, the youths found a spot where the Reds' auxiliary barbed-wire fence had fallen away, so that a ladder could be placed directly against the main concrete barrier. Then they prevailed upon a family whose apartment overlooked the break in the wire to let them use their flat; though some West Berliners who live near the Wall shamefully charge up to \$2,500 for the use of their apartments in such escape plots, these occupants lent theirs free. Secretly, word was passed to the East German underground that all arrangements had been made. The resistance fighters plotted the movements of the Vopos and the Grepos in the chosen area, found a sheltered doorway where the entertainer could hide.

The escape was set for 8 p.m., when the still-gathering dusk made street lights and searchlights ineffective. As the hour approached, lookouts were posted in the streets and the entertainer's sister began washing the

windows in the borrowed apartment, which was visible to the escapee crouched in the doorway on the other side of the barrier. If she swabbed the windows horizontally, the operation was off; diagonally—wait for an hour; vertically—the escape was on. Moments before 8 o'clock, some 150 yards down the Wall from where the actual crossing was planned, three homemade Molotov cocktails were tossed over the barrier to create a diversion; the rescuers had calculated the distance exactly, figuring that the effective range of the Communists' machine pistols was only 110 yards. In the window, the girl's arm began to scrub feverishly up and down.

**Collecting the Ladder.** As columns of flames shot through the trees on the Communist side, three of the West Berlin youths, toting two 8-ft. ladders and a pair of wire clippers, raced to the Wall. Placing a ladder against the barrier, one of the boys scrambled up, snipped the barbed wire on top of the concrete, and lowered the second ladder down the other side. Hardly had it hit the ground when the escapee sprang from his doorway 55 ft. away and clambered up and over the Wall two rungs at a time. So nonchalant were his rescuers that before leading him away to join his sister they first carefully retrieved the ladder from the Communist side. Said one of the rescuers, who in a few weeks leaves to attend a U.S. university on an exchange scholarship: "I'm glad to know that before I leave for America I've accomplished at least one good thing here at the Wall."



TIME Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

Concerned that the killings at the Wall might unleash uncontrollable violence in Berlin, Secretary of State Dean Rusk summoned Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin to his office, urgently requested Russian authorities in Berlin to join four-power discussions aimed at reducing tensions in the troubled city.

**Another Dictum.** The Allies fired off stiffly worded protests to Moscow against the East German regime's "cold-blooded killings." Before the Western notes could be delivered, East German policemen standing at the West Berlin border pumped 30 machine gun bullets into a fleeing 19-year-old East Berliner who was already inside the French sector. He died.

While the Soviet propaganda mill churned out charges that West Berlin had become a "NATO base," Moscow officials formally protested the stoning of its buses in the western sector, which it blamed on "fascistic elements with the obvious conviction" of the U.S.

Moscow did not stop at that. Abruptly, the Russians announced that they were abolishing the office of Soviet commandant in Berlin; from now on, they suggested, their affairs in East Berlin would be taken care of by General Ivan Yakubovsky, Russian commandant in East Ger-

many itself. This, declared the Soviet Defense Ministry, was part of its "policy of eliminating in Europe the vestiges of the Second World War." Again, Berlin was in the banner headlines of the world press, for by this maneuver Russia was raising once again its thesis that four-power control of Berlin\* is ended, and with it the rights of the U.S., Britain and France to station troops in West Berlin and maintain free access to the city.

**Only as Agent.** The West, of course, flatly rejects this idea, and the U.S. has made it clear that it would go to war rather than surrender the "three essentials": right of free access to West Berlin, the presence of U.S. troops in the city,

and survival of West Berlin's free economy and political system.

As a practical matter, four-power control in Berlin ended in June 1948, when Soviet General Alexander Kotikov walked out of the ruling Kommandatura early in the 13-month Berlin blockade. In a gleaming Berlin conference room, a seat is carefully saved for the Russians, but the U.S., British and French commandants have for years conducted their business on a tripartite basis. Fact is, the West can maintain its dealings with the Russians about as easily through General Yakubovsky, whose headquarters is in nearby Winsdorf, as it can with a Russian "Berlin commandant." The contacts have not been very intimate or frequent in any case.

In fact, the U.S. may not object to dealing with Major General Helmut Poppe, the East German who was "named" last week to replace the Russian Berlin commander, provided it is understood that he is acting only as "agent" for the Russians, and provided, above all, that the East German does not in any way attempt to undermine the West's position in West Berlin.

In a statement issued within a few hours of the Soviet change in comman-

\* The U.S., Russia and Britain agreed in 1944 that since Berlin in all likelihood would again be Germany's capital, it should be jointly administered as a "special area." A year later, France was granted occupation rights and a sector that came from U.S. and British territory. In early 1945 the Red army had sole control of Berlin, only admitted the other powers in exchange for a vast area (almost half) of present-day East Germany that was then occupied by Allied troops. Stalin, who earlier had promised that Russia did "not intend to dismember or destroy Germany," also promised in return to take "all necessary measures" to assure Allied access to Berlin.

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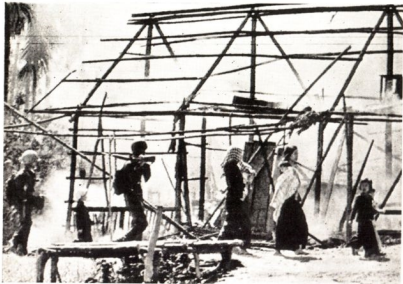
lost one of the props of his authority. When he took over the government early in August, Ben Bella was backed by most of the chiefs of Algeria's six *wilayas* (military districts) and by 45,000 army regulars under Colonel Houari Boumedienne. But the *wilaya* chiefs, and their estimated 60,000 guerrilla troops, reacted suspiciously when instructed to assemble in the barracks vacated by the French and await further orders. Next, the guerrillas were curtly forbidden to collect local taxes, distribute food stocks or requisition public buildings or private cars.

The six *wilaya* chiefs descended on Algiers and, in a series of conferences run-

ing speech in the Forum did not seem to strengthen the Political Bureau's position. Declaring that the *wilaya* revolt made it impossible for the Political Bureau "to fully exercise its responsibilities," Ben Bella announced postponement of the Sept. 2 national election. Rumors swept through Algiers that he would even flee the city. The way seemed open for the emergence of another strongman. Most likely candidate: Colonel Houari Boumedienne, commander of the regular army, who has remained on the sidelines while members of the Political Bureau and the *wilaya* chiefs exhausted themselves in their power struggle.

ant garb, infiltrated the Red areas and kept jabbing them off balance.

This time field commanders were in complete control of the operation, without the usual interference from President Ngo Dinh Diem's palace in Saigon. Provincial chiefs, who sometimes acted independently of the army, were under orders to cooperate with the operation's commanders. And, instead of operating from a set battle plan mapped out in Saigon, the mission was kept flexible and aggressive with day-to-day, on-the-spot planning on the basis of field intelligence. Flexibility paid off. In the first eleven days of the operation, government forces killed 200 Viet Cong troops, captured 45 more, and collected 13 tons of Communist medical supplies and ammunition.



BURNING VIETNAMESE VILLAGE  
Smoke may mean a chance to breathe.

ning as long as 18 hours, flatly told Ben Bella they would not surrender their power until the election of a national government. The military men demanded, and got, one-third of the 196 candidates to Algeria's first Constituent Assembly, scheduled to be elected on Sept. 2.

The *wilaya* chiefs argue that they suffered most in the war against the French, and that others are now trying to reap the benefits—e.g., Boumedienne's regular army, which sat out the war in training camps in Tunisia and Morocco, and Ben Bella himself, who was for five years a French prisoner. The *wilaya* chiefs are mostly young and tough, and sudden death caused a rapid turnover. Colonel Si Hassan, who rules *Wilaya 4*, which includes Algiers and the surrounding region, is a 28-year-old former medical student who quit school in 1956 to join the guerrillas. He was soon treating up to 20 wounded a day, with one eye fixed on his medical books. During the heavy fighting of 1959, so many *Wilaya 4* officers were killed that Si Hassan automatically became commander.

**Tight Control.** At week's end, Colonel Hassan's 20,000 troops held Algiers in a grip of steel. Even Ben Bella's spellbind-

## SOUTH VIET NAM Artificial Respiration

"What we're trying to do is give the district chiefs in Camau Peninsula a chance to breathe," said the South Vietnamese colonel. "Until now, they've been asphyxiated." With these words, seven South Vietnamese army and marine battalions, aided by U.S. helicopters and military advisers, began artificial respiration on South Viet Nam's Red-infested southern tip. Last week, government officials and U.S. military leaders in Saigon exulted that the campaign was the most successful operation yet carried out against the Communist Viet Cong.

Instead of merely sweeping the countryside in an effort to round up the elusive Red guerrillas in a dragnet, government forces leapfrogged around the peninsula, moving past burning villages in the chase, destroying known Viet Cong supply dumps and training centers. By concentrating on such specific targets and keeping up a triphammer succession of attacks, the government hoped to force the Communist forces onto the defensive. To harass the Reds still further, several companies of Rangers, dressed in black peas-

## SOUTH KOREA

### Back to Normal

When South Korea's Strongman General Park Chung Hee seized power 15 months ago, he embarked on a harsh, puritanical crusade with the startling goal of "remaking Korean man." Park and his military junta jailed gamblers and black-market "businessmen," executed smugglers; taxi dancers were shunned as "decadent" and some 40,000 bureaucrats were slashed from the government payrolls as "too old, too inefficient, too insubordinate, or too opportunistic." Park shut down brothels and made the shapely hustlers pledge that they would lead a "decent life," and then sent them off to rehabilitation schools. But puritanism had a crippling effect on the South Korean economy. It stifled trade, and created an enormous new unemployment problem. Facing facts, Park's junta is wearily letting the nation slide back to its old ways.

Last week the government revised its antigambling laws in order to permit the completion of a miniature Las Vegas outside Seoul. Located on Walker Hill, which is named after the late U.S. General Walton H. Walker who led the U.N. campaign during the Korean war, the \$3,800,000 complex will have five hotels, 13 motels, a 500-seat nightclub, and a gambling casino. Financed mainly by the Park government itself, the pleasure project is designed to attract foreign exchange from U.S. G.I.s who previously had traveled to Japan on their leaves.

Contraband luxury goods such as cosmetics, radios and lingerie, once burned in public bonfires because they "aroused wanton desires in the minds of the people," are now being sold openly in government commissaries—to foreigners who bring in needed capital. Alcohol tax rates, which were doubled by Park, have now been reduced because South Korea's breweries suffered an 80% slump in consumption in the first six months of this year.

The junta's "dance control" edict, under which couples were previously sent to jail if seen dancing in public, has been relaxed, and the government's payroll is back to its pre-coup size of 240,000; it is expected to rise by an additional 10,000 by the end of the year. In Seoul, police





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ATLANTIC DIVISION / FREDERICK, MARYLAND



A SUBSIDIARY OF THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

last week were herding prostitutes back into their old houses in order to maintain more effective watch over them. Under the new rules, the girls have to obey two regulations: they must deposit a portion of their earnings in savings accounts, and attend weekly vocational classes on such womanly pursuits as sewing, dressmaking and cooking.

## LAOS

### Lingering War

In Laos last week everything was quiet except the guns. In accordance with the 14-nation Geneva agreement last July, the Communist Pathet Lao has released five U.S. and one Filipino prisoner, and anti-Communist Vice Premier Phoumi Nosavan last week handed over six North Vietnamese prisoners to the Social Welfare Minister. One of the six turned out to be Chinese-born, and two of them said they did not want to go home. The Cabinet also designated three exit points for foreign troops. Some 800 U.S. military advisers with the Royal Laotian Army will leave via Vientiane; North Vietnamese technicians with Prince Souvanna Phouma's neutralist forces will depart from the Plaine des Jarres. Red Prince Souphanouvong named Nhommarat in south-central Laos as exit point for his Communist allies—which made little sense, since the majority of his estimated 10,000 Vietnamese troops are concentrated in the dense northern jungles, far from Nhommarat.

The Communist-held north, in fact, was where the shooting was. And the men being shot were the sturdy Meo tribesmen who form pockets of resistance in the mountains near the Plaine des Jarres and along the Laos-North Viet Nam border. U.S.-supplied and advised, the tough Meo guerrillas still deny to the Communists effective control of these areas. Unfortunately, the Meos are dependent on air drops for everything from food to ammunition. The U.S. therefore faces an unpleasant dilemma: the one useful force it created in Laos is in danger of being starved out unless resupplied by parachute. Souvanna's government has repeatedly charged the U.S. with air intrusions since the cease-fire agreement. Fortnight ago, Souvanna's aircraft carrier gunners in the Plaine des Jarres claimed to have shot down a U.S. F-101 jet. U.S. officials in Vientiane curiously denied the charge and said that no U.S. jets were missing.

## HUNGARY

### Suffering Stalinists

Since Russian tanks crushed the Budapest uprising in 1956, Communist Boss Janos Kadar, 50, has ruled Hungary with judicious use of carrot and club. He ruthlessly exterminated the revolt leaders but tried to woo the Hungarian people with consumer goods and such self-deprecating slogans as "He who is not against me is with me." To get the faltering economy moving, Kadar replaced many of the inefficient Red managers with non-Communist

Hungarian technicians, arguing that "political reliability and professional competence are two different things."

Kadar's efforts to rally the country behind him have not been a stunning success, but at least the people are quiet. Said a veteran of the Budapest revolt: "You agree to work for the Reds so you can live, so your wife can eat and your children can get an education. You try not to think about it too much." But if the people were tamely cooperative, the local Communist functionaries grew bitter at their downgrading and longed for the old days of bulletheaded Matyas Rakosi and Erno Gero, who as party leaders in 1956 had in-



RAKOSI & GERO (1954)  
The wrong shade of Red.

vised the Russians to put down the rebels.

Last week Kadar felt himself strong enough to move against the Red dissenters. In a plenary session, the Central Committee of the party voted to expel 25 top Communists—including Stalinists Rakosi and Gero—for factionalism, and for crimes they had committed in the Stalin era (when Kadar himself was jailed and tortured by Red police, who castrated him and tore off his fingernails). It was the most sweeping move toward destalinization undertaken by any satellite country since Nikita Khrushchev put on the heat in his campaign against Stalin's image; Khrushchev quickly indicated his approval by promising to make a personal appearance beside Kadar at the Hungarian party congress in November.

## SPAIN

### Bombs Again

Trouble is building up again for Spain's Dictator Francisco Franco. Ten weeks after settlement of the first successful strike in *El Caudillo's* 25-year reign, the tough coal miners of Asturias once more were leaving the pits, pressing demands for a five-day week and calling for still more

cash to add to their newly won wage increases. At week's end 10,000 workers at 15 mines were off the job.

As if that were not enough, the protest bombs of Franco's bitter political enemies were exploding anew in the streets of Spanish cities. There were blasts outside newspaper offices in Madrid and Barcelona; the increasing boldness of the regime's opposition was amply illustrated when another explosion shattered the windows of Franco's summer palace on the outskirts of San Sebastián. To the relief of the police, *El Caudillo* was off on a fishing trip at the time.

Ironically, the strikes and bombings came as the Franco government was showing continuing signs of a more liberal policy (*TIME*, July 20). For one thing, a new Minister of Information, Manuel Fraga Iribarne, was making things a bit easier for Spanish newspaper editors. Over the years, they have been accustomed to tight censorship of each edition; Madrid and Barcelona papers still are required to send proofs to the censor for approval, but they report that now there is less tinkering with the stories. Fraga claims he no longer sends out *consignas*, orders requiring the printing of specific articles. Liberalism is also being pushed in the economic field; the Minister of Industry is cutting away at the red tape that makes it all but impossible for private companies to get established or to expand in some fields; Commerce Minister Alberto Ullastres and Finance Minister Mariano Navarro Rubio have worked to loosen Spain's traditional restrictions on imports and exchange.

Much of the impetus for liberalization comes from the Cabinet's younger ministers who are anxious to adjust the nation's anachronistic policies to those of the rest of Western Europe in order to cushion the shock when—and if—Spain wins associate membership in the Common Market.

## SWITZERLAND

### Unclaimed Treasure

Secrecy is more than just an honored tradition to the Swiss banker—it is also a potent lure to his clients. International merchants, grafting bureaucrats, tax dodgers, insecure Latin American chieftains—from all over the world they come to deposit their cash in Switzerland's 4,000 banks (one for every 1,360 citizens). Some prefer regular accounts, but for the really nervous there is nothing quite as safe as a coded number account, since nobody but a Swiss bank's director and one or two top officers ever learns the identity of its owner. So stringent are the rules protecting depositors—bankers who violate them risk 20,000-franc fines (\$4,577) and six months in jail—that relatives of Iraq's King Feisal could not touch his account after his assassination, and Argentina's deposed Dictator Juan Peron is still unable to get at the \$60 million fortune reportedly cached by his late wife Eva.

To the horror of the black-suited money managers of Zurich and Geneva, the Swiss government is about to chisel a small

chink in this wall of secrecy. Next month it plans to push through a law requiring banking organizations to surrender to a government bureau all information concerning assets belonging to "racially, politically or religiously persecuted foreigners or stateless persons." The bill is the result of long prompting from Israel, which is convinced that huge fortunes were left in Switzerland by Jews who later died in Hitler's gas chambers. Since accounts inactive for 20 years revert to the banks, Israel began urging the Swiss as far back as 1954 to do something about the unclaimed treasure.

Though the bill represents a radical departure, it still leaves a loophole as wide as a walk-in vault. Only the banks know the identity of their depositors, so it is up to the bankers to determine how many unclaimed accounts fit the description. Sure enough, some bankers quickly insisted that very little—perhaps only \$1,000,000 or so—remains. Said one: "Most of this flight capital was repatriated in 1945 and 1946."

Bankers complained that the measure would hurt Switzerland's reputation as a haven for legally protected cash—however illegally it might have been acquired—but the government assured them that the same old secrecy would remain for all but the inactive accounts. Anyway, said one government official, it is important that "Switzerland should not get a reputation as a country trying to enrich itself with the fortunes of victims of horrendous persecutions."

## RUSSIA

### Meet the Press

Before an audience of 2,000 correspondents, cameramen and spectators in Moscow University's ornate assembly hall, Russia's space twins, Major Andrian Nikolayev and Lieut. Colonel Pavel Popovich, last week underwent a four-hour earth post-mortem of their memorable exploit in space.

Nikolayev and Popovich said that they had come to within three miles of each other in space, but had not attempted an actual rendezvous because it was not a part of their assignment. Both space-ships were slightly roomier than those used by Yuri Gagarin and Gherman Titov, but the suspicions of U.S. scientists that *Vostoks III* and *IV* weighed approximately the same as the earlier models—some 11,000 lbs.—were confirmed. His craft "was designed for one person," declared Nikolayev. Though Tass had left the impression that the two cosmonauts had ridden their capsules all the way to the ground, both spacemen said that they had been ejected, and parachuted to earth after re-entering the atmosphere; the pair landed six minutes and 124 miles apart near Karaganda, 1,500 miles south-east of Moscow. The parachuted capsules came floating down near by.

Popovich said that Nikolayev's capsule "looked like a very small moon in the distance." Vision was so clear aloft, added

Nikolayev, that he could see the main streets of cities on earth; at times, he added, moonlight flooded into his cabin, illuminating the switches before him. Popovich said that each time he finished eating, he switched on a vacuum cleaner to clear away the lint from his paper napkin that hung weightless in the cabin. In a personal experiment with weightlessness, Popovich said that he had carried a bottle half full of water aloft with him. The water gathered about both ends of the bottle "and the air collected in the middle in a little sphere. It stayed that way even when I shook the bottle."

Nikolayev admitted to some misgivings during his descent from orbit: "Out of the window, I saw smoke, then flames, which changed from red to orange to yellow to blue. You hear loud crackling and you begin to wonder if the ship's outer covering isn't about to slough off. As the deceleration forces decreased, it became like riding a cart on a bad road." When he landed, Nikolayev said, "my first inclination was to kiss the earth of our motherland."

## BASUTOLAND

### A Whinny for the Chief

Clad in gay robes and conical straw hats, hard-riding Basuto tribesmen last week poured into their hilltop capital of Maseru. The joyous occasion: the royal marriage in the Roman Catholic cathedral of Our Lady of Victories between a serene young student named Tabitha Masentle Mojela and Basutoland's Paramount Chief, Oxford-educated Constantine Bereng Seiso Moshoeshoe II, who ascended the throne of the British protectorate in 1960 after a tough fight with his stepmother, who had acted as regent for 20 years.

The jubilant tribesmen hailed the bride



MOSHOESHOE II & BRIDE  
Neigh meant yes.

and groom with the traditional whinny—an affectionate salute that is supposed to imitate the neighing of a Basuto pony. They scrupulously obeyed the sign posted before the church: "No horses allowed in the cathedral." Also on hand to pay their respects were foreign diplomats stationed in South Africa, the country that completely surrounds Basutoland. With the two-hour marriage ceremony completed, the diplomats headed home and all Basutoland (pop. 700,000) settled down to three days of parades, celebrations and feasts of barbecued oxen.

## IRAQ

### Frontier Fracas

Holed up in the rugged, isolated mountain country that straddles the borders of Syria, Turkey, Iran, Russia and Iraq, the Kurds are a rebellious, trigger-happy breed who distrust the Arabs and traditionally hanker after little more than a fine horse, a good rifle, and a woman who can bear strong sons. For the past year, however, Iraq's Kurds have been in open revolt, last April demanded an autonomous Kurdish state in northern Iraq. Led by Red-leaning Mustafa Barzani, a one-time mullah (religious teacher) who spent twelve years of exile in Russia, Kurdish rebels have seized control of the north-east corner of Iraq, seriously imperiling the autocratic regime of Premier Abdul Karim Kassem.

Kassem's efforts to put down the revolt have been a dismal failure. He distrusts his army because one-third of its troops are of Kurdish stock, never gives raiding parties more than two days' supplies and ammunition lest they go over to the rebels. Fighting a hide-and-seek guerrilla war, the Kurds have made fools of Kassem's generals, currently have 2½ divisions—half of Kassem's army—tied up in the frustrating campaign.

Fortnight ago, Iraqi air force planes bombed and strafed a Turkish village along the border between the two countries. Next day Turkish jets, catching two more Iraqi raiders inside Turkey, attacked and crippled one of Kassem's planes, which limped back across the frontier and crashed in Iraq. Angry diplomatic notes were exchanged between Ankara and Baghdad; in a fiery broadcast, Baghdad charged that Turkey not only was helping the Kurds but also had violated Iraqi air space with its jets.

The Turks denied the accusation, privately suggested that Kassem had made the charges only to cover up his inability to crush the Kurdish rebellion, was using them as a means to stir up new public support for his shaky government. But in a pointed warning to the Iraqis, the Turks last week ordered their ambassador in Baghdad back to Turkey "to complete his vacation period" and announced that the annual military maneuvers of the Turkish army would take place next month. Where? Along the Iraqi frontier, where a little sabre rattling might help the diplomats.



# THE HEMISPHERE

## CUBA

### Russian Ships Arrive

For months Russia seemed undecided about how to handle Brother Castro, as if hesitant to get too identified with his irrational words and his flopping economics. Now, it seems, the decision has been made to stand by him and prop him up.

As though a trickling tap had suddenly been turned full on, Soviet bloc aid is pouring into Cuba. Since July 26, some 20 Soviet ships have embarked from Black Sea, Baltic and Siberian ports; by Aug. 8 at least eight vessels had docked at Cuban ports to unload military goods and 5,000 "technicians."

**Rocket-Size Crates.** Cuba's Communist government tried to keep a security lid on the shipments. Casual citizens were cleared from dockside areas; unloading was confined to after midnight. The result was to proliferate rumors that most of the 5,000 new arrivals were Russian combat troops in helmets and short-sleeved uniforms: 18,000 RUSSIAN TROOPS IN CUBA, headlined the New York *Daily News*, going a step further. The size of the concerted shipments indicate that they were in the works before the visit to Moscow last month by Fidel's 31-year-old brother Raúl, though perhaps he was able to ask for a few more items and the Russians were in a position to extract a few more pledges.

U.S. intelligence identified the first cargoes as communications trucks, radar vans, general purpose trucks, mobile generator units—and, apparently, rockets. All the equipment pointed to large-scale coastal surveillance and air-defense systems. In other nations where similar Soviet help has been received, the contents of crates like the ones landed in Cuba turned out to be ground-to-air rockets, similar to the U.S. Nike-Ajax. Of the 5,000 technicians, according to the intelligence reports, one-half to two-thirds were military technical men sent to install and operate the electronic systems until Castro's men learn to handle the equipment. The rest of the specialists seemed to be economists, agronomists, industrial engineers—types desperately needed to shore up Cuba's collapsing economy.

**Technicians, Yes.** At last week's press conference, President Kennedy was asked about Communist-bloc troops or supplies entering Cuba, and replied: "New supplies, definitely, in large quantities. Troops? We do not have any information, but an increased number of technicians." Just the same, at week's end the President sent his top military adviser, General Maxwell D. Taylor, on a hurry-up tour of U.S. military installations that would be involved if Cuban trouble flared up: the Panama Canal Zone, the new Strike Command headquarters at Tampa's MacDill Air Force Base, and the Atlantic Fleet Headquarters at Norfolk.

The coast and air defenses should help ease Castro's fear of a new invasion. He

is forever beating his propaganda drums against U.S. planes and ships intruding on Cuban waters (which the U.S. denies). Last week he proclaimed that "enemy ships" standing a few hundred yards offshore had pumped 20-mm. cannon shells into a suburb of Havana. "We hold the U.S. Government responsible," he cried. Actually, the bombardment was an unopposed nighttime firing on a waterfront Havana hotel housing Iron Curtain technicians, and the nearby Chaplin Theater,



RAÚL CASTRO IN MOSCOW  
Turning on the top.

from a surplus PT boat and a fast cruiser manned by 20 members of the underground Revolutionary Student Directorate. The raid seems to have come as a surprise to Washington too.

It was also the week when Fidel Castro finally disabused his people of an old promise. When he came to power three years ago, Castro bragged that his land-reform program would rest on two principles: "The land should belong to those who work it," and "Those who have no land must have some." As a starter, he divided 13% (more than 3,000,000 acres) of Cuba's total farmland into 630 cooperative farms. Fortnight ago, Castro conceded that the land distribution to peasants had been a flop, partly because it encouraged too much private initiative. Now, like everything else in Cuba, the co-ops would be collectivized—and their peasants would become hired hands. "Should we give each peasant a small piece of land?" asked Castro. "No! Because after one little piece of land the peasant would want a larger one, his livestock would multiply and soon he would not have just three, but 10, 20, 50 head of cattle. He would then be a large landowner."

## BRAZIL

### Help in a Hurry

Teodoro Moscoso, the Puerto Rican who bosses President Kennedy's Alliance for Progress, flew south to Brazil three weeks ago in search of a little progress. By the time he reached Natal, capital of the drought-plagued Brazilian state of Rio Grande do Norte, Moscoso had made up his mind on one thing: Brazil needed help in a hurry and its national government was so bogged down in political crisis that state and regional agencies were his best bet. Last week, after a conference with Rio Grande do Norte Governor Aluízio Alves, Moscoso signed an agreement promising an immediate \$50.3 million in U.S. aid plus enough U.S. technicians to make sure the projects succeed.

The deal set a pattern for direct aid between the U.S. and a Brazilian state, and it represents quite a victory for Rio Grande's ambitious and aggressive Governor Alves. In his 19 months in office, Alves has drawn up plans to provide food, water, road and schools for his impoverished state. He lacked money. Nearly all U.S. aid for the northeast went to the federal government's SUDENE (Superintendency of Northeast Development), whose aim was long-range development. On a visit to Washington last month, Alves argued that he needed help right now; his starving people were easy prey for the militant, Communist-led Peasant Leagues sweeping Brazil's northeastern states. Returning home, Alves visited President João Goulart, eventually won his agreement to bypass federal channels. Moscoso himself was convinced after a few days in the impoverished backlands. Said Alves "We are starting a new era."

## CANADA

### Hitler, Mussolini & Caouette

The surprise of Canada's inconclusive national election in June was the emergence of a fiery back-country French Canadian politician named Réal Caouette, 44, whose right-wing Social Credit Party unexpectedly won 26 House of Commons seats from Quebec. Since then he has been filling the air with eccentric, if not demagogic, remarks. His fellow Social Crediters in English Canada explain that what the French-speaking auto dealer says often gets lost in translation. But last week, Caouette came through loud and clear in an interview in *Le Magazine Maclean*. "Who are your political heroes in history?" he was asked, Caouette's brisk rejoinder: "Mussolini and Hitler."

The storm broke, and it wasn't helped any by what Caouette had gone on to say in the magazine: "I admire Mussolini's qualities as a leader and I regret that he was a fascist. I admire in Hitler his economic reforms and I consider that he brought his people out of misery. I regret that he employed for war instead of for peace the ideas which he had."

## PEOPLE

The left thighbone he broke in a fall in the bedroom of his Monte Carlo hotel nearly eight weeks ago was neatly knitted, and there was no trace of the bronchitis that had worried doctors during his convalescence. So, after 54 days in London's Middlesex Hospital, **Sir Winston Churchill**, 87, went home at last. Carried to a waiting ambulance in a sedan chair, the couchant old lion, chomping his usual Havana cigar and giving a victorious V-sign to a cheering curbside crowd of 1,000, was whisked away to his Hyde Park Gate home for a champagne toast to his recovery. Puffed one proud bystander: "He's a ruddy marvel."

Sure to provoke a row when it comes out next month is *Letters from the Earth*, containing hitherto unpublished, antireligious essays by Humorist **Mark Twain**. In the guise of Satan writing to the Archangels Gabriel and Michael, Twain pictures man as the foolish and conceited victim of his own preposterous religious beliefs. Coming from manuscripts dated in the last few years before Twain's death in 1910, the book was pieced together by the late Bernard DeVoto in 1939. But the content so disturbed Twain's Christian Scientist daughter, Mrs. Clara Clemens Samossoud, now 88, that she refused to allow publication because she felt the essays presented "a distorted view" of her father's ideas. It took 23 years before she finally agreed that "Mark Twain belonged to the world."

Was she or wasn't she? After a quick look at photographs of **Princess Margaret** and Husband Tony taken during her



TONY & MEG  
Don't ask.



DESI & LUCY  
Cozy—as a corporation.

32nd birthday party in Abbeylax, Ireland last week, London's *Daily Mirror* assumed that she was, bannering: ANOTHER BABY FOR MARGARET. The princess' press officer, besieged by queries, refused to confirm or deny the story. "I simply don't know," he muttered. "To ask the princess herself would be impertinent."

Mecca for fashion models is Paris' House of Dior, but for redheaded Welsh Mannequin **Maggie Griffiths**, 23, Dior was becoming a bore. "Fittings from 10 in the morning until 10 at night; the same clothes in the same shows day after day. And I earned less in a week there than I can in one day in London." So Maggie packed her hatbox and flew home to London, leaving other aspirants with a word of advice: "It is great prestige to work for Dior. I am fed up with prestige. You can't bank it."

On an evaluation mission for the Peace Corps, two critics of underdeveloped U.S. statesmanship dumped some fuel on a fire they themselves ignited. Sashaying toward the Champagne Room of the Manila Hotel in the Philippines, **Eugene Burdick**, 43, and **William J. Lederer**, 50, authors of *The Ugly American*, were refused entry because they were wearing Bermuda shorts. Squawked Lederer: Bermuda shorts are the national costume of his homeland—Hawaii. Answered the assistant manager: "Hawaii is part of the United States, and I didn't think Bermuda shorts were the national costume there." Miffed, Lederer threatened to write a letter of protest to the Philippine foreign office.

In sober tones befitting his position as a corporation president, bongo-bopping Producer **Desi Arnaz**, 45, told the 75 stockholders that Desilu Productions Inc. netted \$611,921 from such TV productions as *The Untouchables* and *Ben Casey* last year and aims for \$1,000,000 in fiscal 1963. On the president's left, looking like a rainbow in red hair, green slacks, yellow blouse, white loafers, sat **Lucille Ball**, 51, his ex-wife, a major stockholder and \$25,000-a-year vice president. Grinned Desi, introducing Lawyer Milton Rudin: "He

was so good representing Mrs. Arnaz in our divorce, I thought he should be working for both of us."

"You've been following us with that thing ever since we left the Crinan Canal," bellowed England's **Prince Philip**, 41, to a telephoto-toting Scottish newspaper photographer chasing along the bank as the duke's royal yawl *Bloodhound* maneuvered through locks near Fort William, Scotland. "Do you want a bloody picture of my left earlobe?" he cried. At least the Scottish edition of the *Daily Herald* did next day run a picture of the regal left ear along with a verbatim account of the royal remarks.

Shouts of "Is Maith Liom Ike"—Gaelic for "I Like Ike"—greeted Ike as he landed in Dublin for a four-day visit. After a day's rest, he took off in a helicopter for the tiny village of Roundwood to visit former Irish President **Seán O'Kelly**. "I told you I was coming," Ike grinned, the rain streaming down his face. Inside, the two old friends chatted for an hour over warming mugs of coffee, then he returned to Dublin, for a round of golf that was cut short after six holes because everyone was soaked to the skin. Next day his nostalgic 2,000-mile tour of Western Europe ended. Ike and Mamie, 65, boarded the liner *America* at the port of Cobh as cathedral bells pealed and a crowd of hundreds wished them *bon voyage*.

Playing a garment-district secretary named Miss Marmelstein who has all the sex appeal of an eight-day-old bagel, Actress **Barbra Streisand**, 20, is about the only bargain in the Broadway musical *Can Get It for You Wholesale*. So having arrived at star status, she felt compelled to utter a few words on her Method that would make Stanislavsky spin. "It has to be a little false to show the truth," she told a New York Post reporter. "Like I used to wear my hair down for a show and they couldn't see my eyes, they couldn't see the truth. That's the way I wear my hair, but now I push it up so they can see. The truth has to come out of falsity. Like it has to be exaggerated to show the truth. You know what I mean?"

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES, SIX YEARS OLD, 86.8 PROOF, SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY



### Decision at midnight

At 11:59, a new company was born.

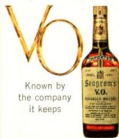
At 12:01, an old amenity was reborn.

Imported V.O. was poured. A toast proposed. Then, slowly, the radiance of the world's finest whisky was savored.

A fair reward. For only V.O. achieves the unique combination of lightness and brilliance of taste that most people want in a whisky.

Tonight—why not reward yourself? And you don't have to wait until midnight.

Seagram's Imported



Known by  
the company  
it keeps

SEAGRAM'S V.O. IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE FROM CANADA.

■ *Report to business from B.F. Goodrich*







## BFG helps build an 18-story home for Titan II

This is how a new B.F. Goodrich plan is speeding construction of a Titan missile base—and other huge projects, from seaways to freeways. In the rugged country just north of Little Rock, Arkansas, men are drilling, blasting, pouring and welding a vast steel and concrete base for America's heftiest ICBM.

In this giant base are 18 separate underground complexes, each embracing a 180-foot Titan missile silo and an igloo-shaped control center, linked by a 250-foot tunnel.

Apart from the tough engineering challenge, the missile base contractors are faced—as contractors are on every big project—with the time-consuming task of ordering hundreds of products from a great variety of companies. Here's how B.F. Goodrich eases their job: instead of calling various sources to order tires, hose, belts, rubber clothing and so on, these Titan base contractors can buy *any* of these products from *one* BFG representative.

That's how they ordered the long-lasting, abrasion-resistant B.F. Goodrich air hose used to drive pneumatic equipment employed in silo construction. (See large photo)



It's also how they ordered rugged B.F. Goodrich water hose that is used in pumping water out of the silos under extreme pressure 24 hours a day. And from the same source they also bought 600 BFG truck tires that hauled crushing loads over rocky and hilly terrain.

Our Unified Contractor Plan is speeding construction on other projects, too. At the world's largest earth dam, on California's Trinity River, contractors ordered from BFG's johnny-on-the-spot representative not only boots, hose and protective clothing, but the strong Nyfil conveyor belt and the sturdy Rock Service tires shown in the small pictures.



For more information about any of these products or our Unified Contractor Program—or how we might help you solve a challenging problem—write President's Office, *The B.F. Goodrich Co.*, Akron 18, Ohio.





Wall of Governor's palace, Old San Juan, Puerto Rico, delightful place to sip a Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

## How to mix a professional Daiquiri at home

(with today's dry, white Puerto Rican rum)

**F**IRST, remember the bartender's dictum. "A perfect Daiquiri is a *man's* drink. Stinging cold."

Get three essentials. Cracked ice, fresh lime juice, and a dry, white Puerto Rican rum—no other rum is dry enough. Puerto Rican rums are distilled at high proof and aged in oak—the law in Puerto Rico. Don't bother to squeeze limes. Use

the new Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix. Follow the simple recipe below and you've got a professional Daiquiri. A man's drink. *Stinging cold.*

**RECIPE:**  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. white Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice.

**FREE BOOKLET!** 31 Drink Recipes. Write: Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



**NEW! FROZEN FRESH DAIQUIRI MIX:** Get it from your grocer. It's the natural juice of tree-ripened tropical limes. Specially made to complement the extra dryness of white Puerto Rican rum. If your grocer hasn't got this new mix, tell him it's distributed by Wilbur-Ellis Co., 800 Second Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



## EDUCATION

### English Ain't No Snap

"Every morning I awake with an empty feeling, as if there had been a death in the family," says white-haired Floyd Rinker, veteran of 32 years of English teaching at Newton (Mass.) High School. What depresses Rinker is the generally sad state of the 90,000 English teachers in U.S. secondary schools—public, private and parochial.

Rinker well knows that English teaching can be impossibly hard. The "normal" high school teaching load is 125 to 150 pupils a day. If a teacher assigns 125 pupils one 500-word essay a week, allowing 15 minutes apiece to correct them, he faces more than 30 hours of extra work. (One result is that some teachers assign no essays, and high schools are graduating students who never wrote a single composition in four years.) Nonetheless, Rinker thinks that the deeper problem is simply incompetence; few teachers, for example, read enough, and many cannot write with style and clarity.

**"Germ Carriers."** Teacher Rinker is now executive director of a coast-to-coast rescue squad called the Commission on English, which the College Entrance Examination Board launched in 1959 with \$1,000,000. A top priority: re-educating teachers. Says Harvard Professor Harold Martin, chairman of the commission: "They're doing a damned poor job in education schools—75% of the time is wasted time, filled time."

This summer Rinker & Co. set up "institutes" at 20 universities from Cornell to California, gave 900 teachers a stiff dose of everything from satire to syntax. Supposedly the nation's best English teachers, they are expected to go home as "germ carriers" after a graduate-level summer tour of literature, linguistics and composition. Rinker is pleased—but not nearly as pleased as he hoped to be.

Reformer Rinker's problem was clear last week at Harvard, which wound up an institute for 45 New England teachers. Their ages ranged from 25 to 62, and 85% of them had master's degrees. As the course ended, a few were plain flunking; many others had barely grasped it. Only about a dozen emerged with honor.

**"Born Again."** In teaching the literature course, Harvard's Professor Martin dug deep into the "ethos" of *King Lear*. His charges scribbled copious, precise notes (only one or two actually dozed). At length Martin paused to ask: "What happens to Edgar at the end of the play?" A long silence followed; apparently no one remembered Edgar. Finally Martin said, a little ruefully, "He's king."

Professor Scott Elledge ruthlessly ripped apart the teachers' compositions—the first creative writing for some of them since adolescence. "Full of hazy thought," he snapped. "This kind of rhetoric we don't need—it's unlitary." The teachers, who tend to see correcting essays as sim-

ple proofreading rather than criticism of meaning, giggled nervously, or sat in stunned embarrassment.

Happily, they remained undaunted. "It's like being born again," said one woman teacher. Inspired by their encounter with Greek rhetoric, 21 teachers even launched a new syllabus for teaching expository writing in high schools. Still to be seen is how much of an epidemic such germ carriers can start back home.

### Pioneers

This fall U.S. schools with ideas or money or both are sprouting innovations as bright as autumn foliage.

► Warren, Pa. (pop. 14,500) is overruling pedagogues who insist that five is the age



FRENCH-BY-MIRROR IN GROSSE POINTE  
And geometry in the second grade.

to start school. In the first such community-wide experiment, Warren schools will enroll smart tots aged three years and eight months.

► Greenwich, Conn. has a new \$1,000,000 elementary school with movable walls designed solely for team teaching. That method is paying off in Pittsburgh, biggest U.S. experimenter in the art, where team teaching will now involve more than 7,500 youngsters in nine schools in predominantly Negro areas.

► Almost commonplace in prosperous suburbs this year are "ungraded" primary classes, which spur kids to hustle through each subject at their own pace. Newton, Mass. aims to use this idea at all levels, from kindergarten through high school.

► The better high schools are getting still better. Logic, Greek, Portuguese and a fifth year of French will be taught this year in Lake Forest, Ill. With Harvard's

help, Capuchino High School in San Bruno, Calif., will develop a new physics course incorporating history, philosophy and the cultural impact of science. In Beverly Hills, which is starting a twelve-year foreign language setup, the high school even boasts two summer campuses in Spain and Austria.

► School reforms are percolating downward. Fresh from rewriting U.S. high school physics, M.I.T.'s Jerrold Zacharias and colleagues are busily doing the same for elementary school science. Astronomy starts in fourth grade in East Whittier, Calif., and geometry in second grade in Burlingame, Calif. At San Francisco's Herbert Hoover Junior High School, which last year had 14-year-olds earning college credits in math, 40 of this year's seventh-graders will be so well started that once they get to college they may get M.A.s in math before they graduate. ► English is taught via French at Manhattan's Ecole Française (enrollment: 224), a private grade school that believes in early language learning and reading-by-phonics. French, being more phonetic, is easier to learn first. Kindergartners start by handling Montessori method alphabet cards with "tactile" sandpaper letters, soon form words and start reading and writing in French. Apparently they have no trouble switching to English in first grade: "We just add the sounds," says the headmistress, Mrs. Eric Corrêa. Now the kids are doing arithmetic in French as well as English.

► French via the methods used to teach deaf children to speak was the new wrinkle this summer at private Grosse Pointe (Mich.) University School. Example: student and teacher sit before a mirror to master the lip movements of French pronunciation. In one week, four-year-olds learned five numbers, 25 words, a dozen phrases. Five- and six-year-olds learned twice as much. The Grosse Pointe public school system will now try the method in fourth to sixth grades.

► Reading and writing for three-year-olds via "play" with electric typewriters is a crackling success at Hamden Hall Country Day School in New Haven, Conn. The idea man is Yale Sociologist O. K. Moore, who attributes it all to the human drive for "competence." The typewriter kids are really not taught; they discover how to read and write for themselves. Hamden Hall already boasts first-graders who read at seventh-grade level. This year Hamden Hall is giving the Moore treatment to 60 tots, some of them aged 2½.

► Math as a way to discover every conceivable relationship in the world permeates all teaching from kindergarten through sixth grade at Miquon, a private school near Philadelphia. The secret is Socratic questioning by some really crack teachers. It started as a remedial course for slow kids, now involves all students in games, puzzles, logic, solid geometry, algebra, graphing and the theory of sets. This fall Miquon's system is being tried in several Chicago public schools, will be tested on 5,000 kids across the country.



# MEDICINE

## Jimmy Orr's Fateful Journey

The Rev. James Robert Orr was finishing a rugged five-year tour of duty sowing the Protestant gospel on the stony soil of Brazil's Paraná state, near the Argentine border. Now the gaunt, 59-year-old Baptist was heading home for Canada. With his wife and their three youngest children, he jumped into Laranjeiras do Sul (pop. 2,000) and went to a local doctor for certificates of vaccination. Told that the Orrs had all been vaccinated six or seven years earlier, the doctor perfunctorily issued "certificates of immunity."

Three weeks later, just as perfunctorily, health officers at New York's Idlewild International Airport took the certificates at face value. They gave Missionary Orr

ported in 1960, and 1,411 in 1961. Near Laranjeiras the Orrs had visited a ranch where children were down with the pox, but nobody paid much heed or knew what kind.<sup>2</sup> By the time the Orrs got to bustling, ultramodern São Paulo, 400 miles away, James William Orr, 14, complained of fever and a sore throat. A local doctor diagnosed influenza and hopefully dosed him with medicine. The feverish boy lay around Viracopos airport for hours before he flew, with 82 other travelers, on a Comet 4 jet to Idlewild.

From Idlewild the Orrs taxied to Manhattan's Grand Central Terminal (the driver tried to overcharge them). In the busy, navelike waiting room, with its constant turnover of travelers, Jimmy Orr lay on a bench for almost seven hours

for Alberta. Missionary Orr crisscrossed Toronto all week long by bus and subway, shopping in department stores, going every evening to High Park Baptist Church. He took a bus to a Bible camp to address 20 children from a dozen towns. Only after that did he learn that he and his hosts and the rest of his family in Alberta were all quarantined; doctors suspected that Jimmy had smallpox. They put the boy in isolation at Riverdale Hospital. There the diagnosis was confirmed. Too late, Orr took the unread U.S. warning card from his pocket.

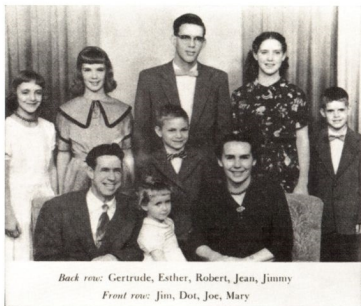
Canadian health authorities alerted their counterparts in every city where Jimmy might have spread the infection. The virus is not only spread by direct contact, but may travel several feet on a patient's breath, and farther on air currents. Aerolines Argentinas and the railroads over which the Orrs had traveled began the thankless job of trying to track down every fellow passenger and line employee who had been near the boy. At Idlewild 800 vaccinations were hurriedly given, and 3,500 elsewhere in New York City. Not surprisingly, the hardest man to find was the cab driver, who was in greatest danger because Jimmy had sat next to him. New York police promised to overlook the charge of overcharging, if only he would show up for vaccination.

At week's end, Jimmy Orr was on the mend and eating well. His case of smallpox, whether alastrim or true variola, was unusually mild; evidently, the immunity from his long-ago vaccination had not completely worn off. Vaccinated contacts could expect similarly mild cases, especially if they took the precaution of being revaccinated as soon as they learned of their danger. But for anybody with no immunity against smallpox, casual contact with Jimmy Orr still held the threat of severe, disfiguring and possibly fatal disease.

## Dyed by Carrots

When they see a patient whose skin has turned yellow, doctors automatically suspect liver disease. In virtually all such cases, the white of the eye is similarly discolored. But a pair of Cincinnati ophthalmologists were puzzled when a patient appeared with a yellow glow all over his face and body, extending even to his palms and soles. The whites of his eyes, however, were unaffected, thus ruling out liver disease. It turned out, report Drs. Ira A. Abrahamson Sr. and Jr. in the *A.M.A.'s Archives of Ophthalmology*, that the man knew he had cataracts. Like night fighter pilots who believe that carrots speed up their adaptation to the dark, he thought he could improve his sight by taking carrot juice. Every day for 18 months he had had his wife grind up enough carrots to make two quarts of juice for him to guzzle. He had to have the cataract operation anyway. And when he kicked the carrot juice, his color quickly returned to normal.

"Although not the most expensive form of therapy, drinking carrot juice is probably the most useless, and it should be condemned," the doctors conclude.



Back row: Gertrude, Esther, Robert, Jean, Jimmy  
Front row: Jim, Dot, Joe, Mary

TORONTO STAR

### THE ORRS

Disease by jeep, jet, taxi, train, bus and subway.

a card on which was written: "As a precaution against introduction of smallpox: If you should develop suspicious symptoms of illness (such as chills, fever, weakness, loss of appetite, diarrhea) within the next seven to sixteen days, present this card promptly to a private physician or to health officers in your community. This is required by law." The word *smallpox* was in large letters. Orr pocketed the card and promptly forgot it. As a result, most of North and South America and parts of Europe waited anxiously last week while hundreds of health officers tracked down thousands of the traveling Orrs' fellow passengers and casual contacts to have them revaccinated. For one of the Orr children had carried smallpox from continent to continent.

**Flu or Chickenpox?** Rare in the U.S. and Canada for almost half a century, and unknown there since 1947, smallpox is endemic in Brazil; 2,644 cases were re-

sweating out a train for Toronto. While his family went to a nearby lunch counter for a snack, a motherly Negro tried to make the boy more comfortable. Then the five Orrs boarded the North Star, and sat up all night as the coach made seemingly unlimited stops. As they neared Toronto, Jimmy opened his shirt, looked at the itching red spots, and said: "Dad, I think it's chickenpox."

**Too Late.** A Toronto physician and family friend, Dr. Ernest K. Ranney, felt so sure it was only chickenpox that he took the Orrs to stay at his parents' home. Two days later, Mrs. Orr and the two youngest children left by train

<sup>2</sup> Besides the unrelated chickenpox, Brazilians also suffer from alastrim (from *alastrar*, to spread), a milder form of smallpox. Alastrim is known elsewhere as amass, Cuban itch, glass pox, Kafir pox, milkpox, paravariola, Philippine itch, pseudovariola, Samoa pox, Sanaga pox and whitepox.





MRS. DOEPLER & GARGAN  
First say "Boh!"

## The Lost Chords

The toastmaster began the evening with a typical toastmaster's gag: "Before I cut my throat . . ." Not one of the 200 special guests interrupted him with a laugh. Not one of them could. Actor William Gargan was playing toastmaster in Memphis for the International Association of Laryngectomees—people who have lost their larynges to cancer. Their laughter was muted to a barely audible chuckle.

Toastmaster Gargan was particularly sensitive to their plight. His own voice had been his livelihood in a career devoted to the stage, movies and TV. Then, while touring with the road company of *The Best Man* two years ago, playing the role of an ex-President who dies of cancer, Gargan himself began to complain of a continually sore throat. Doctors discovered he had cancer of the larynx. His voice box was removed, and what was left of his windpipe now ends at a collar-button-level hole in his neck. When he left the hospital, he was speechless. But last week, like the others at the Memphis dinner, Gargan was talking once more—using esophageal speech.

**Swallowing Air.** In natural speech, air from the lungs is exhaled through the windpipe (trachea), past the "vocal cords" (membranes of the larynx). If these membranes are tensed and vibrated, a tone is produced. That tone and its timbre are modified by the tongue, teeth and lips to make the different sounds of speech. In the laryngectomee, the exhaled air escapes through the hole in his neck (tracheostomy) where his Adam's apple used to be. But air can also be swallowed through the gullet (esophagus) and burped back again. And the swallowing muscles at the top of the gullet can be made to vibrate. As a result they give a lower tone. In the 1930s, a few laryngectomees discovered that they could produce speech of a sort by swallowing air and controlling their burps. Temple University's Dr. Nathaniel Martin Levin, now practicing in

Miami, systematized the method (TIME, Dec. 4, 1939), and many improvements have been made since.

Since cancer of the larynx is curable with early diagnosis and modern surgery in 60% of cases, and 2,000 patients are operated on every year, the number of U.S. laryngectomees is growing fast—so fast, in fact, that the American Cancer Society, which sponsors the I.A.L., has trouble finding enough therapists to train the recovered patients, who like to call themselves "The Lost Chords." The danger is that they will become just that, and permanently, if they are allowed to wallow in their early discouragement.

The best teachers are laryngectomees themselves, especially those who were voice-conscious before they had cancer. And among the many at Memphis, the teacher with the best record was a slight, bright-eyed grandmother of nine from Newton, Mass., Mary Doepler, 71, widow of a chain-store executive, had been an aspiring soprano in her youth and had taught children with speech problems. When cancer cost her her own vocal cords in 1944, Mrs. Doepler not only taught herself esophageal speech but set about perfecting methods of teaching others. She has written a standard handbook on the technique (it has just been translated into Japanese), and has taught no fewer than 1,300 laryngectomees herself, mostly at Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary.

**But No Saxophone.** Mrs. Doepler makes each patient practice swallowing air as many as 500 times before she asks him to make a sound. After that it is a four-step process to the first single syllable: open the mouth to let air in; close the mouth; swallow the air; and, finally, open the mouth and say "Bah!" Some determined patients progress from "Bah!" to full and clearly understandable sentences in two or three weeks. Others take many months. "The time varies," says Mary Doepler, "not only with the individual's determination but also with his family. If the family does not encourage him to speak loudly and distinctly, but lets him whisper or communicate



BOB WILLIAMS

RESPIRATION DEMONSTRATION  
And then perhaps "Damn!"

in some other way, he may never learn."

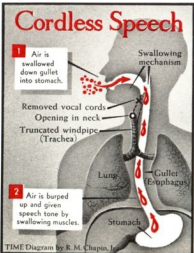
Many a laryngectomee begins esophageal speech with cuss words, which have the advantage of being monosyllabic and explosive. Says Mrs. Doepler: "I often tell a man to say 'Damn!' It helps him to relax." One way or another, Mrs. Doepler and her dedicated colleagues have taught esophageal speech to about half of the estimated 20,000 U.S. laryngectomees. In emergencies, they need special techniques for artificial respiration—as was demonstrated at Memphis by a volunteer who wore a plastic bag over his head, and snugged tight around his neck, for half an hour. But they can eat and drink normally and do practically everything that they could do before the operation—except swim, since they cannot close that hole in the neck. One other exception, notes Manhattan's Speech Therapist John McClear wistfully, is that they cannot play a wind instrument. McClear used to play the saxophone.

## Filters & Cancer

Do filter tips really work? Yes, reported an eminent cancer researcher in last week's A.M.A. *Journal*. They make smoking safer—up to a point.

Dr. George E. Moore's research team at Buffalo's Roswell Park Memorial Institute tested six brands of cigarettes, four plain and two filtered, by "smoking" them in a machine and collecting the tar. The tar yields from plain cigarettes differed by less than 20%, but the filtered brands yielded 67% less than the unfiltered average. Of 76 mice painted with tar from "straights," 41 developed tumors, and 16 of these turned to cancer; of 60 mice treated with the tar from the same number of filter tips, 15 got tumors, of which three became cancerous.

The evidence that filters reduce the risk of lung cancer is "indirect but meaningful," say Dr. Moore and colleagues. Among smokers, men who smoke fewer cigarettes have a lower incidence of cancer; so, presumably, will those who filter the smoke and thus cut down the amount of tar they draw into their lungs.



## ART



NEVELSON'S "ROYAL GAME" (1961)  
Also broken wheels, bowling pins and banisters.

### All That Glitters

The old three-story house stands on the corner of Spring and Mott streets in Manhattan's fading Little Italy. Inside, the furnishings are spare—some benches and tables, a cupboard. But if the house lacks furniture, it does have marvels of décor. There is a room lined with towering cases of gilded bric-a-brac. In another room, shallow honeycombs of orange-crane cabinetry are filled with carefully posed objects—chair legs, a broken wheel, a bowling pin, parts of a table pedestal, a banister, some toilet seats—all gleaming goldily. The owner of this hammer-and-nails Fort Knox is Scavenger-Sculptress Louise Nevelson, 61.

Nevelson sculptures (they might more accurately be called assemblages) are displayed in museums all over the world, fetch from \$500 (for a small box of surprises) to \$25,000 for a whole flabbergasting wall. This week Buffalo's Albright-Knox Art Gallery acquired Nevelson's *Royal Game* from Manhattan's Martha Jackson Gallery. Price for the 5-ft. by 4-ft. work, which is the gift of Museum President Seymour H. Knox: \$6,000. Last month Nevelson won the \$3,000 grand prize in the first Sculpture International of the Torcuato Di Tella In-

stitute's Center of Visual Arts in Buenos Aires, where she exhibited five pieces. In June, she was one of four artists chosen to represent the U.S. at the 31st Biennale in Venice. Louise Nevelson's three rooms of "wall furniture"—one in gold, one in white, and one in the traditional Nevelson black—were the first things to greet visitors at the U.S. pavilion, and one of the few real sensations of the entire Biennale.

**Pizzeria Studio.** Nevelson "walls" might go nicely in certain modern commercial structures, but so far she has refused requests to do office-building lobbies. "Someone once told me, 'Think how many people would see your work in an office building: 100,000 a day.' And I said, look, dear, I am not interested, because those 100,000 people are blind."

But she is pondering a commission to embellish a wall for the New York State Theater, to be built at Lincoln Center: "There people will look."

Louise Nevelson is an imposing, muscular woman with eyes like augers. Besides the three rooms of golden debris in her house, she maintains two more studios near by—one in a former pizzeria, where she does her "dirty work, my black things," and one a few doors away for her white work. Her material is wood, shaped for utilitarian purposes—and salvaged by

her from dumps and antique shops, or donated by friendly driftwood gatherers. For tools she uses an electric hand saw, files, and a hammer.

Sculptress Nevelson made her first real splash four years ago with sinister black-massed woodworks, given such titles as *Moon Dial* and *Cathedral in the Sky*. She denies that she is presently in a gold period, although most of her work, after being lacquered with several coats to seal the wood, is lavishly spray-bombed with a metallic product called Spray-O-Namel.

**A World Embalmed.** Praising her earlier work, French Painter-Sculptor Jean Arp said: "The monster *bibels* of Louise Nevelson walk in an immense universe dimmed by the night of twilight." And not all critics approve of her switch from mystical blackness. One, panning the gold, wrote: "Curiously, the sense of a world embalmed appears to be furthered by her current use of gold paint." But criticism bothers her not a whit. She is at the height of her fame, sales of her work last year amounted to about \$80,000, and in the fall she will change galleries to become the first woman and the first U.S. sculptor to be handled by Manhattan's choosy Sidney Janis. For Louise Nevelson, the future looks golden.

### The Heroic Art

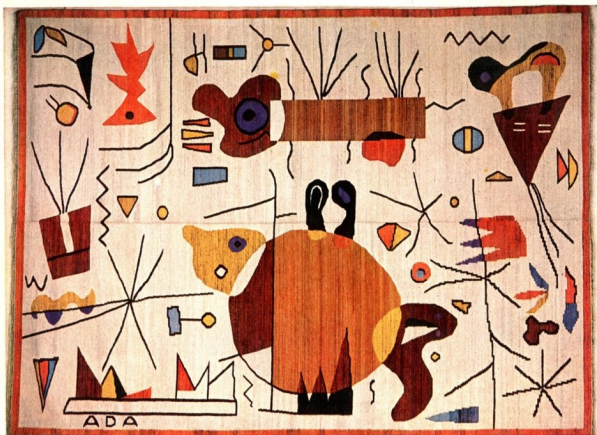
Not since the late Middle Ages has tapestry enjoyed such a surge of creativity. All over Europe looms are clacking busily as *tapisiers*, working elbow to elbow, ply the warp with bobbin and thread. In the ancient ateliers of Aubusson, 235 miles south of Paris, every loom is filled with work in progress; Gobelin in Paris, once the royal tapestry house for the kings of France but more recently a manufacturer of furniture, has put weavers back to work on modern tapestries designed by some of France's foremost artists. And in Lausanne, Switzerland, the first tapestry biennial exposition, sponsored by the International Center of Ancient and Modern Tapestry, has since June been attracting visitors from all over the world (see color).

**Carried into Battle.** In the 14th and 15th centuries, tapestry was the supreme art of France. Rich in color, heroic in theme, and expensive to make, tapestries were the trappings of luxury. Yet they had a practical value. They dressed up the bare stone walls of a castle, and they kept out the cold. Many a shivering demoiselle was grateful for *chambres*, movable partitions of tapestry which could subdivide a drafty great hall into a cozy nook.

Often tapestries, commissioned to show the exploits of a brave and royal person, were rolled up, carried into battle to decorate his tent. Later, in the 17th and 18th centuries, taste turned more and more to fixed wall decoration—marble, gilded woodwork, monumental paintings—and tapestry began to take a second place. Ironically, just as great technical advances were being made in the art of weaving, the spirit of originality began to disappear, and tapestry largely became a slavish imitation of paintings—often com-



LOUISE NEVELSON



TAPESTRY RENAISSANCE around globe has led to first important biennial at Lausanne. Among 58 works is Polish Artist

Ada Kierzkowska's *La Musique*, a 10-ft. by 13½-ft. work designed and woven by artist, which swarms with Miró-like figures.



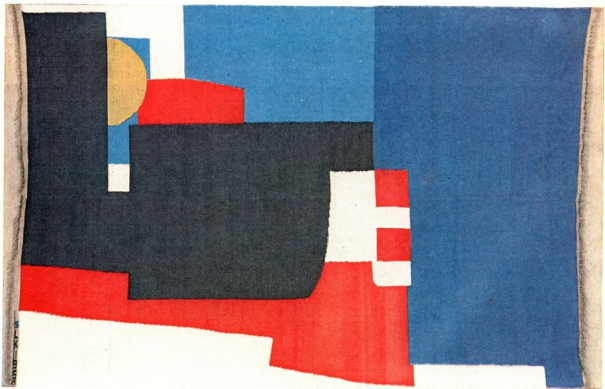
FRANCE'S JEAN LURÇAT, at 70 the grand old man of modern tapestry artists, designed the 35-ft.-long *Poetry*, a rich,

ornate composition containing twelve signs of zodiac. Mythological figure at left shows a poet with head of a bull.



BELGIUM'S MARY DAMBIERMONT'S decorative *Pastures of Heaven* is rich in color, banal in theme. The tapestry's fine

execution owes much to craftsmen who transferred original sketch to the loom, using warp of fine threads to capture detail.



SWITZERLAND'S LILLY KELLER calls her nonobjective tapestry, which she both designed and wove herself, simply *S*,

a title that may well stand for "Signals," since original sketch could easily have derived from collage of cut-up signal flags.



plete with their own ornate "gold" frames woven around their borders. With the exception of a few independent weavers working on their own, little worth while was loomed until recent years.

**To Veil the Starkness.** Tapestry's new renaissance comes partly from a curiosity on the part of artists for new techniques, a new appreciation on the part of the public for textures and bold colors. But architecture, tapestry's first muse, seems to be most responsible. Says Jean Lurçat, 70, chairman of the International Tapestry Center and leader of the new movement in weaving: "The modern world needs these large ornamental tapestries, these colorful hangings, to veil, and at the



TAPESTRYMAKER LURÇAT  
Weaving by the numbers.

same time to enrich, the sometimes exaggerated starkness of bare walls in contemporary architecture."

Lurçat is currently working on a series of tapestries called *Le Chant du Monde*, mostly representing such contemporary horrors as *La Grande Menace* (fallout), *Le Grand Charnier* (worldwide camel house) and *La Fin de Tout* (final destruction). Other sections of Lurçat's monumental looming have more pleasant themes: fishing, wine, the conquest of space, hunting and poetry.

Lurçat's work is done at Aubusson on the river Creuse, the waters of which, unlike most other rivers in France, are free from calcium and perfect for dyeing wool. Dyeing sheds, with skeins of wool in every shade and color hanging outside to dry in the warm sun, cling to its banks. A more romantic reason for Aubusson's destiny is the fact that it lay in the heart of the troubadour country during the days when

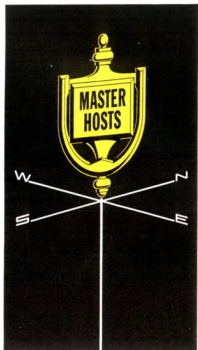
chivalry was in flower and found its grand expression in tapestry.

**Unseen Until Finished.** Aubusson was making tapestries as long as 500 years ago, but in the 19th century it turned to making carpets, with only a few remaining hand looms turning out commercial copies of famous tapestries. Since Lurçat revived the art of the *tapisier*, Aubusson has seven workshops turning out the work of modern designers on hand looms. For his own works Lurçat has shunned the standard "library" of 14,500 different tones of wool and adopted a more practical 13 colors; he has also restored the old 14th century weave of six threads per centimeter to produce a more vigorous texture than the ten- or eleven-thread count of the more recent "corrupt" period.

But Lurçat's most important contribution was the introduction of the numbered cartoon, a kind of full-scale plan on Bristol board that the weaver follows at the loom. Formerly weavers took considerable latitude with colors and even design, but in transferring Lurçat's fanciful designs to tapestry, they are given no margin at all. Each color area bears a number that corresponds to a number on a skein of wool, not unlike the popular "by the numbers" painting kits; the method gives Lurçat complete control over the finished product.

It takes a weaver a month to fill in one square yard of tapestry. First a set of colorless threads called the warp is strung on the loom to serve as the foundation for weaving. The other set of threads, the colored weft, is all that is visible in the finished tapestry. The weft passes over and under the warp; each time a different colored area is indicated in the cartoon, a bobbin holding a different colored thread must be used, and the ends of the different colored threads must be tied to hold the tapestry together. A tapestry is made with the reverse, or knotted side, up. As it progresses, it is rolled on a wide wooden cylinder. The finished tapestry is often not seen until the work is completed; then, amid much excitement, it is unrolled to be admired and criticized.

**Wool & Straw.** The exhibition at Lausanne University's Palais de Rumine is showing the works of 57 artists from 17 nations, including ten from behind the Iron Curtain, and two from the U.S. Each artist is limited to a single work, with the exception of Henri Matisse, who is considered one of the pioneers of the renaissance of European tapestry and is represented by twin tapestries, inspired by a visit to Tahiti, called *Polynesia: The Sea and The Sky*. Poland commissioned five original designs, considered by many the most interesting tapestries in the show because of their crude, rough-woven finish of thick wool sometimes interlaced with straw. Also highly praised was the Japanese technique of *Tsuzure-Nishiki* demonstrated by Hirozo Murata's silk and gold *Hunting*, a scene of horsemen with bows and arrows. In *Tsuzure-Nishiki* tradition, Japanese weavers compress the weft as it is woven into tapestry, using their fingernails cut like saw teeth.



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## MODERN LIVING



WALTER DARRAN  
BROOK CLUB



JOE CLARR  
DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB  
The old boys would choke on their bathtub gin.



ARTHUR SIEGEL  
CHICAGO'S MID-AMERICA CLUB

### LEISURE Cold Wind in Clubland

A club, according to Dr. Samuel Johnson's famed dictionary, is "an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions." The conditions have changed considerably during the last generation or so, and the good fellows of another era would choke on their bathtub gin to see some of the things that are going on today in those citadels of the social order known as gentlemen's clubs.

Ladies swish and titter in rooms once sacrosanct to cognac and cigars. Clubs that once disdained "activities" now stage musical evenings, lectures, seminars and even dances to lure members and their guests to the board and bar. Membership rolls have been expanded while services have been curtailed; a drink costs as much as or more than it does at the restaurant around the corner, and many a club member is doing well to get a ham sandwich on a summer weekend.

**Old & Bent.** The cold fiscal facts of club life are laid out in a financial study of 50 city clubs published this month by the New York accounting firm of Harris, Kerr, Forster & Co. Its gist: city-club expenses are steadily increasing while income is decreasing. In 1961-62 the total revenues of the 50 clubs were \$52.1 million—down \$170,000 from the preceding year—while operating costs were up \$259,000 over a year ago. Compared with 1952-53, city-club revenues are 26% higher, but operating costs have risen by 20%.

Behind these figures lies a constellation of social changes. One piece of trouble for the clubs is the steady move to the suburbs. Says an officer of Boston's 600-member Union Club: "Years ago, our membership consisted of prominent Bostonians who lived on nearby Beacon and Marlboro Streets. Now they've moved to the outskirts, and our membership is largely professional people who work in the city. And they go home to the suburbs at night. The Union used to be a club in

the pure sense of the word. Now it's a businessmen's luncheon restaurant." A member of Chicago's swank Chicago Club feels that even more crucial to the club is the out-of-town migration of business and industry: "Who's going to come into the city during lunch hour?"

For those clubs that are virtually a must for top businessmen—such as San Francisco's Pacific Union, the Arizona Club in Phoenix, or the Missouri Athletic Club in St. Louis—the trend to country living has had little effect on membership. But the evening flight from the city has generally depleted club revenues from food and drink. Says Lieut. General Milton G. Baker, superintendent of the Valley Forge Military Academy and a long-time member of Philadelphia's century-old Union League Club: "These days you won't find 15 men in the League's card, billiard or game rooms, or the libraries on any one night, and the ones that are there are old and bent. Thirty or forty years ago the place was jumping every night."

**Women & Drink.** Men's clubs are still reeling under the impact of the female's arrival as a drinking partner. Today women have invaded all but the oldest-line bastions of masculinity. "Women and country clubs have broken up the tradition," says a member of Manhattan's University Club, one of the first to install a ladies' cocktail lounge (in 1942). "Thirty years ago, women didn't care much about clubs; now they all want to join a country club. And what's worse, they want their husbands to hang around there with them."

An incalculable influence on the traditional clubs is the sprouting of high-initiation luncheon clubs. Manhattan has several on top of skyscrapers: the Wall Street Club and the Harbor View downtown, the Cloud Club in the Chrysler Building, the Pinnacle in the Socony Mobil Building, the Hemisphere in the TIME & LIFE Building. These have an advantage over the regular clubs, by operating on a one-meal-a-day, five-day-week basis. The 700-member Pinnacle, for in-

stance, spent \$626,000 in fiscal 1961-62 and took in a comfortable \$632,000.

**The Last Ditch.** Higher wages and more fringe benefits for the help, higher taxes and out-of-town living have been hardest of all on the smaller college clubs. Manhattan's 7,001-member Harvard Club is still operating in the black (1961 expenses were \$1,759,443, revenues \$1,764,570), but the 6,340-member Yale Club is not. The 3,500 members of the Princeton Club will move in January into a brand-new \$4,300,000 building, and are virtually abandoning any pretense of running a men's club by providing sleeping accommodations for couples. But Manhattan's 1,700-member Columbia Club is marginal enough to suffer sorely the loss of the Princeton Club members who have been making their home on Columbia's premises since mid-1961.

A recurrent rumor in college-club circles is the formation of an overall "Ivy League Club." Pittsburgh's Harvard, Yale and Princeton clubs long ago merged. Merger is considered a last-ditch expedient—especially since so much of a college club's *esprit* depends on old-school loyalty—but it definitely is in the air. Says President Robert V. Cronin of Manhattan's Brown Club: "The chances of club amalgamation in the future are much greater than for the continued existence of individual clubs."

**Food Around the Clock.** The larger clubs, with many facilities and correspondingly high overhead, have had to fight hard to stay in the black. Boston's Algonquin Club is down to 950 members from its customary 1,000, is closed on Sundays during the summer months, and operates with a skeleton staff on Saturdays. Philadelphia's University Club, founded in 1881, filed a petition of bankruptcy in July. Many of the members will join the Penn Athletic Club on a special cut-rate basis—thereby, perhaps, saving it from a similar fate.

Manhattan's giant (4,000 members) University Club, founded in 1865 by a group of young Yale men for the purpose

of promoting literature and the arts, has fought hard and successfully against the tide with a wide variety of special activities. Not so well off are the more socially desirable and therefore much smaller clubs, such as the Knickerbocker and the Union, which have to run relatively large buildings with low membership. When expenses cannot be met by income alone, many clubs look hopefully to their wealthier members. Four years ago, the handsome Knickerbocker is said to have been rescued from a merger with the 126-year-old Union Club by a timely check from Member Nelson Rockefeller.

Such clubs as Manhattan's Links and Brook are better off because, in addition to having small (and wealthy) memberships, they have only relatively modest town houses to keep up. Since its founding in 1903, the Brook has made a fetish of service. It is always open. And until shortly after World War II, a member could order a full-course dinner at any hour of the day or night. Today members can still get sandwiches at any hour.

The opposite kind of well-heeled security is represented by Manhattan's large but *Social Registered* Racquet & Tennis Club, whose 2,500 members indulge in almost every form of indoor exercise (including elbow bending) in a looming, block-long clubhouse on Park Avenue. In its Dec. 31, 1961 financial statement, the Racquet Club reported assets of \$1,472,370.10—including \$250,000 in cash.

**One Exception.** The winds of change are blowing hard through clubland, and some venerable structures will certainly be blown away. But many more will withstand even the influx of females, the high cost of help and other vicissitudes. For a man's club is not only his refuge from his non-equals. As one clubman explained recently: "At the turn of the century and on into the '20s, the things that were important were your school, your college, your club, the dances, trips to Europe and where you went in the summer. Now all of these things are available to almost anyone and everyone, with one exception: the club."

## RECREATION

### Fun in the Sun

What is America's favorite outdoor sport? The answer, from a report to the President and Congress just released by the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission: taking a drive in the car. Second favorite sport: walking. Least popular of 24 activities surveyed: skiing. Other items:

- ▶ The higher the income and the more education, the greater the extent of outdoor activity.
- ▶ Professional people spend the most time in outdoor recreation; farm workers the least.
- ▶ Summer activity in the South is about a quarter less than in the rest of the U.S.—understandably.
- ▶ About 90% of all Americans engage in some kind of outdoor recreation in the course of the year.

## Tabletop Racing

Racing neck and neck, the yellow car and the red car both managed to scoot across the railway crossing just ahead of a lumbering locomotive. They barreled around a curve and into a straightaway with a traffic light shining green ahead. Just before they reached it, the light winked red, and two trucks that had been waiting at the intersection started across. The red car stopped in time, but the yellow car ran the light and bulleted broadside into one of the trucks.

Its driver was sore, but unhurt. This was fortunate, because he was only ten years old. The near miss with the train and the grisly accident with the truck happened last week on the top of a table in a downstairs room of Toots Shor's restaurant in Manhattan. It was the semi-final of a nationwide contest with a combination game and hobby kit that is beginning to give the electric train a run for its money.

The two-inch cars on the HO-scale track that raced a scale Mille Miglia, safe-driving obstacle course and drag strip for the "Grand National" championship were the products of the Aurora Plastics Corp., which joined with the Ford Motor Co. in organizing an elimination contest enlisting 1,000,000 "drivers" in 48 states (the state champions ranged in age from eight, for California, to 37 for New York). But Aurora's Model Motoring sets, ranging from \$20 to \$50 (individual cars are \$1.95 or \$2.49), are only one of 13 different lines of miniature electric racing cars that already constitute a \$25 million business in hobby shops, toy shops and sporting-goods dealers across the U.S. From fairly simple tracks, they are developing into complex courses that tax the driving ability of both adolescents and adults.

One of the best sets is the British-made Scalextric, which costs \$49.95 for more

than nine feet of track, two variable-speed controllers and two sturdy cars (Grand Prix racers). Strombecker markets models of famous racecourses, has a \$29.95 model including a D-Jaguar, a Ferrari Testa Rosa, and a Chicane obstacle strip that permits only one car to pass without risk of a crackup. The A. C. Gilbert Co. sells a figure eight of track with an overpass and two Corvettes for \$29.95. Aurora's latest accessories include a lap counter, judge's stand and turnoff, starting gate, grandstand—and a railroad crossing where a train can mash risk-takers.

Grand champion in last week's contest was Henry Harnish Jr., 15, of Whippany, N.J., who estimates that he has raced against 1,000 other tabletop drivers since he started just a year ago. Henry owns more than 25 model cars, switched parts among them to achieve his championship racer. His prize: a white Thunderbird. He will give it to his father, a factory shop foreman, who will sell the family Mercury ('61) and give the money to Henry.

## TRAVEL

### Cruises by Catalogue

The latest gimmick in the travel business is one of the oldest in merchandising—the mail order catalogue. Available to Montgomery Ward & Co. customers this summer are 500,000 copies of a 66-page, full-color catalogue offering 775 trips—claimed to be the first of its kind in the travel industry. Sears, Roebuck & Co. is offering 18 pages of the magic of far places right along with the band saws and overalls in its current catalogue.

Sears' and Ward's travel prices are no lower than most; their appeal is convenience and installment buying—\$6 per month for eleven months for a seven-day jaunt to Miami, \$126 a month for 24 months for a junket to Japan, Hong Kong, Manila, Thailand, India and Egypt.



SEMI-FINALS AT SHOR'S (HARNISH SECOND FROM RIGHT)  
Giving the electric train a shock.

## Rain or Shine?



That one's up to the weatherman. Day after day, week after week, on the basis of the most accurate information available, he tackles the job of predicting fair weather—or foul. He makes mistakes, sure—and the mistakes you remember. But the fact remains that month in, month out he's still right about 85% of the time.

We have a lot of sympathy for the weatherman, because in our business people keep asking us about the market tomorrow—what lies ahead for this stock or that one and what changes, if any, they should make in their portfolio.

Naturally, we do all we can to furnish sound answers on the basis of the best information available. We rely on a Research Department—one of the biggest and best in the business—that digs up all the information it can about individual industries, individual companies, individual stocks.

No, our answers are not always right, either.

Still, over the years, we have established a record that we feel needs no apology.

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## Brief Danger

Before the U.S. exploded a nuclear bomb high over the Pacific early this summer, famed Physicist James Van Allen predicted that the blast would create a globe-girdling belt of dangerous radiation. Last week data from orbiting Injun I satellite proved him correct. The new belt is 200 to 500 miles high, just a little closer to earth than the permanent belt named after Discoverer Van Allen. But its intensity is waning, and by the end of a year it will be almost undetectable.

## Secrets from Sunlight

How do green plants manufacture food and store energy by absorbing carbon dioxide, water and sunlight? Scientists have been piecing together the answer for years, sure that when they learn the last detail of the complicated process they will be closer than ever before to understanding the secret heart of nature. For life itself—in whatever form it appears on earth—steadily expends the solar energy stored during the intricate chemical reaction that scientists call photosynthesis.

Some of the mystery began to come clear in 1938 after researchers learned to use isotopes to trace the transformation from water and carbon dioxide to sugar and oxygen. But how does light start the process? In the British scientific journal *Nature*, two University of California biochemists, Drs. Kunio Tagawa and Daniel Arnon, report that they have moved closer than ever before to a satisfactory answer.

The Berkeley researchers made a significant breakthrough eight years ago when they learned that tiny bodies (chloroplasts) from plant cells can carry on photosynthesis all by themselves. Using isolated chloroplasts from spinach leaves, Dr. Arnon and his colleagues found that they could study the role of light without being bothered by the other chemical

processes that take place in the normal plant cell. After tedious experiment, they decided that when green plant pigment (chlorophyll) is struck by sunlight its molecules become so excited that they shake loose some electrons. And those electrons eventually help to form some of the basic chemical substances necessary for photosynthesis.

The scientists checked their theory by searching for some other source of the all-important electrons. Under experimental conditions, they tried hydrogen gas—a rich source of electrons itself—and discovered that it did the job perfectly. For the first time, man had triggered photosynthesis without using light.

Now, in laboratories all over the world, other researchers are designing experiments to exploit this new knowledge of photosynthesis. Drs. Arnon and Tagawa have already been able to recognize a striking similarity between photosynthesis in plants and chemical processes that are carried on by certain bacteria that live in the soil, cut off from both sunlight and oxygen. The discovery, says Dr. Arnon, demonstrates "the beautiful biochemical unity of nature."

## Pest Against Pest

Few plants are as useless, ugly and loathsome as the creeping puncture weed that straggles haphazardly across most of the western U.S. The puncture weed's burrlike seeds can flatten bicycle tires, foul up cotton-picking machinery, rip through horsehide and gouge cattle. Humans get stung by the burrs when they garden, walk barefoot or when they pitch in to a harvest. Even the puncture weed's scientific name, *Tribulus terrestris*—"earthly bed of spikes," takes account of the tribulations it causes.\*

Last week biologists were well into the

\* Other names for the puncture weed: goat-head, Mexican sandburr, ground burr nut.



BIOCHEMISTS TAGAWA & ARNON  
Exciting the molecules.

JOE MORRIS





PUNCTURE-VINE WEEVIL  
Sowing in the seeds.

decisive battle of a long campaign to bring the prickly puncture weed under control. From Texas to California, they were turning loose a species of weevil that destroys puncture-weed seeds without harming other plants.

**Delicate Balance.** Merely finding the selective weevil took some astute biological detective work. Entomologists James K. Holloway of the U.S. Department of Agriculture and Carl B. Huffaker of the University of California pored over old records and learned that the plant had not been found in the U.S. before 1903. Then they traced it to its native habitat in Italy and Spain, were surprised to find that on home grounds the weed did not thrive as it did in the U.S. Searching for an explanation, the biologists discovered that the puncture weed is peculiarly susceptible to a particular European pest called the puncture-vine weevil—a quarter-inch brownish beetle with a snoutlike head. The weevil's life cycle is inextricably linked with the growth of the puncture weed.

During the summer adult weevils lay eggs in the seed pods of the puncture weed. In the spring the growing larvae feast on the seeds, killing them. Later the weevils even develop wings for a short time and follow seeds that the plants may have thrown to the wind. If there is a large crop of seeds, the weevils flourish along with their food supply. If there are more weevils than plant seeds, the little bugs simply die off. Thus nature maintains a delicate balance that allows neither the puncture weed nor its weevil to stir up a population explosion.

**Occasional Bite.** For five years Holloway and Huffaker tempted the weevil with other plants. They found that the worst the weevils would do was to take an occasional bite out of alfalfa or flax if there was no puncture weed around, but they also discovered that the weevil's larvae could only grow in the pods of puncture vines. Convinced that the weevils were safe enough for large-scale experiments, the biologists imported 15 from Italy early this year and turned them loose to feast on a private garden of puncture weed. Now they have a crop of more than 100,000 weevils which they are distributing in the Southwest. Says Holloway: "If one weevil had been imported into this country at the same time as the weed, there would never have been any trouble to start with."

## What do they have in common?



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QUALITY COURTS MOTELS  
Executive Offices  
Daytona Beach, Fla.

THE MOTEL EMBLEM TRAVELERS TRUST

# SHOW BUSINESS

## TELEVISION

### Have You Looked at Your Set?

Barry Goldwater is many things to many people: a bugaboo to the liberals, a savior to the conservatives, and a man of parts to the compilers of biographies. But no one ever thought of him as a TV critic—until last week. Aware that Newton Minow got a lot of acreage simply by calling TV a "vast wasteland," Goldwater rared back his onager at a Greek-American dinner in Chicago and let the rocks fly at U.S. television. "Have you looked at your TV set lately?" he asked the audience. "What wallowing in self-pity! What vast and contorted expressions of emotion over trifling problems! What meaningless violence and meaningless sex!"

Like any good politician, Goldwater aimed not only at polishing off TV but at polishing the Greek apple. "Your ancestors would look upon us with pity," he said, praising the serenity and balance of Greek art. "To them, we would be truly barbarians. In the midst of even the wildest and most whimsical [Greek] comedy, there remained that breath of greatness and of freedom. Comedy has become wisecracks. Very clever, sometimes even witty. But the background of greatness is not there, so the savor, the depth of contrast, is gone. The surprise, the fast switch, the shock, have taken its place. Unless there is a belief in the potential greatness of man, there can no longer be tragedy; there can only be melodrama."

Senator Goldwater had something there, but what was wrong with U.S. TV? Bad producers? Meddling sponsors? Too many commercials? Well, maybe. But Goldwater had a sweeping political-sociological explanation. "I do not believe," said he, "in our present social state, dominated as it is by a trivial

conception of man—dominated as it is by superficial reformers who expect to save and to protect and to remake man through government action—I do not believe that either great tragedy or great comedy is possible in such an environment."

### How To Be Rich Though a Pencil

"Allen, Allen, baby. Can't you do me this one favor? I'll love you forever, Allen, baby."

So pleaded a producer of TV commercials, asking Actor-Announcer Allen Swift to hurry to a recording session. All sorts of people had collected to praise Chesterfield cigarettes, but no one present had sufficient talent to deliver a certain vital line, Swift hurried the five blocks between his Manhattan office and the recording studio, cleared his throat and said: "Checked all the way by Accu-Ray, they satisfy the most." He left the studio within 15 minutes, not even asking how much he would be paid. Within six months, for uttering that one line, he received more than \$27,000, since performers get paid each time a commercial is used.

Allen Swift, 38, known as the man of 1,000 voices, is the nation's most successful practitioner of the peculiar art of imitation. Thanks largely to endless repeats that bring him in continuing fees, known in the trade as "residuals," he makes about \$300,000 a year. He can imitate anything from the cry of a loon to the whining drawl of a mountaineer, run effortlessly through all the categories of voice quality—rasp, strain, fog, nasal, sinus. He can shift ground from tight-lipped British to loose-lipped Brooklynese to American rural, and run analytically through the ages of man, making his voice grow older as he progresses from the breathiness of childhood to the cracking articulations of the elderly.

"I Sen Tout." His own voice, when in use, is faintly Flatbush—full of lines like "I sen tout for coffee" and "I had a friend of mine who . . ." The fourth child of a New York lawyer, he had been an actor, magician, mentalist and hypnotist when he tried his first commercial—as a talking flashlight battery—eight years ago. Soon, for another commercial that was used repeatedly, he got \$1,700 instead of the \$45 he had expected. He called the agency to see if there had been a mistake and, when told that there had not been, decided to enter the field.

Since then he has done 10,000 commercials, talking as everything from a spark plug to a cereal. He is the entire cast of Tom and Jerry cartoons. He was Captain Swift on TV's *Popeye* show. During the TV run of the *Honey Dooey* show, he contributed 50 different characters. For Darryl Zanuck's forthcoming *The Longest Day*, Swift supplied the sheared-cornflower accents of Dwight David Eisenhower. He is the man who says, "I'm a Newport smoker forever"; who tells



ANNOUNCER SWIFT  
Moneyed talk.

CAL STALLEN

viewers to use one dab of Brylcreem, not two; who introduced the Chinese baby who could not eat Jell-O with chopsticks. He has been the spokesman for more than 350 sponsors, and with 100 different voices has plugged 35 different beers.

**Not by Bread Alone.** Yet Swift is not willing to live by bread alone (not even Tip-Top, Braun, Stroehmann or Taystee—all Swift clients). Above all, he considers himself an actor, and he has forsaken thousands in commercials to appear for \$45 a week in off-Broadway's adaptation of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. He does three roles, and since he is ordinary looking, few in the audience are aware that the same actor is Father Dolan, an old Franciscan monk, and the president of the university. Offstage, when Swift is not changing his makeup for a new role, he is busy sending telegrams to producers, begging them to come see him and—who could resist?—hire him for a Broadway show.

Marvelous as they are, Swift's multiple voices do not sell themselves, Swift does that, as when he auditioned for the role of a pencil. The advertising man whose job it was to select the voice of the pencil had two uclers flaring with *Angst*. Do or die, the ad man was determined to come up with the best pencil that ever gave a speech. He had already heard 50 human applicants, but none sounded like a pencil. "Can you do a pencil?" he said desperately as Swift entered the room.

Swift saw the situation and answered reassuringly in a soft urban fog made more casual by the experienced slur of a 55-year-old. "Is it a lead pencil or a mechanical pencil?" he asked. At least 3,000 tons of worry visibly lifted from the ad man's forehead. "Is it round or hexagonal?" Swift went on gently. "Does it have an eraser?" He got the job. And what did the pencil finally sound like? "Literate," recalls Swift, "—and thin."



CRITIC GOLDWATER  
Wise acreage.

REAR McLAUGHLIN

## BROADWAY

### The New Season

Broadway producers are tiring of the traditional tryout towns; they are, after all, so close to New York. When a heavy wind blows south from Boston or New Haven, it too often carries to Manhattan an unpleasant odor that bodes ill for the play heading for Broadway. Moreover, in the super-envious world of the theater, too many good old friends from around 44th Street like to flock to the nearby roadshows in gleeful hopes of bottling the last gasp.

Accordingly, some 1962-63 shows have been holding their tryouts pretty far afield. **The Perfect Set-Up**, a comedy by Jack Sher about a Manhattan businessman whose wife and mistress are both contented girls, opens next month in Phoenix and will skip around among cities in the middle, mountain and far western states before opening on Broadway Oct. 24. All sorts of shows will be pussyfooting through the recently discovered Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto belt. **Oliver!**, English Composer-Lyricist Lionel Bart's musical based on *Oliver Twist*, has already begun its U.S. tryout in Los Angeles; it opens in Manhattan Dec. 27. Of course, this way-out-of-townsmanship can be carried to extremes. Something called **Foxy**, getting ready for Broadway, recently opened in the Yukon.

Tested hither or yon, the shows that will actually finish the trip give promise of an unusual season:

• **MUSICALS:** The hero of **Mr. President**, by Irving Berlin, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, is a U.S. Chief Executive in his second term and after retirement. Speculations are running up and down Shubert Alley about who the real life model must be. The answer to that is all of them—the recent ones anyway—a sort of Harry Fitzgerald Troovenhower, as played by Robert Ryan (Oct. 20), Richard Rodgers and Alan Jay Lerner have a date (March 14) but no title for

their first collaborative musical, about which they are keeping mum. Rick Besoyan, who wrote Off Broadway's phenomenally successful *Little Mary Sunshine*, has done another parody of the schmaltzerettas of the '20s called **The Student Gypsy**, or **The Prince of Liederkrantz**. Starring Eileen (*Little Mary*) Brennan, this one is for Broadway (Jan. 31). England's red-brick musical, **Stop The World—I Want to Get Off**, is a rag-to-Establishment story (Oct. 3). Sid Caesar has eight roles—four husbands, four lovers—in **Little Me**, based on Patrick (*Auntie Mame*) Dennis' book (Nov. 17).

• **REVUES:** Writers Eric Bentley and S. J. Perelman have contributed presumably literate material to **Cut Loose!** (Sept. 13), which has dipped elsewhere for its lyricists—to James (*From Here to Eternity*) Jones, for example. **Beyond the Fringe**, which has had London round the bend with laughter for two seasons, has been only lightly red-white-and-blue-



"MR. PRESIDENT" & FAMILY  
He's Harry Fitzgerald Troovenhower.



BAKER & JOHNSON OF "COME ON STRONG"  
She's in with LIFE.

penciled for American ears (Oct. 27). • **COMEDIES:** Elaine May (*TIME*, Sept. 26, 1960) has finally finished her long-fermented play. If it contains her own wild and uncommon brilliance, it will be superb. Called **A Matter of Position**, it is vaguely described as a protest against society. The star is her comic partner, Mike Nichols (Oct. 25). S. N. Behrman's **Lord Pengo** (Nov. 11) is an adaptation of his biography of Art Dealer Joseph Duveen, played by Charles Boyer. Anita Loos (*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*) has been tinkling with a French play about the wedding night of Henry VIII and Anne of Cleves. Side-stepping *Ladies Prefer Beards*, she kept the French title, **The King's Mare** (January). **The Beauty Port**, S. J. Perelman's mad satire on culture-crazed Americans, is finally moving toward Broadway (Dec. 26) after trying out at Pennsylvania's Bucks County Playhouse in the summer of 1961. Opposite Carroll (*Baby Doll*) Baker, Van Johnson will play an actor who is also a

LIFE photographer in Garson Kanin's **Come On Strong** (Oct. 4).

• **DRAMAS:** **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** is the what-big-fears-you-have title of Edward Albee's first full-length play, dealing with a marriage problem (Oct. 13). Author of *The Zoo Story*, *The American Dream*, and *The Death of Bessie Smith*, Albee is the most talked-about young American playwright. The most promising young American playwright is probably Jack Richardson (*The Prodigal, Gallows Humor*), whose new play **Lorenzo** will star Alfred Drake in the story of a roving actor who finds himself involved in a blood feud between two towns and discovers that he cannot remain morally uncommitted (February). Novelist C. P. Snow's **The Affair**, which had a good run last season as adapted for the London stage by Ronald Millar, now comes to New York (Sept. 20). **How Much?** is Lillian Hellman's new play, an adaptation of a novel about an old woman whose family is energetically trying to ship her off to a nursing home forever (February). Everybody in Hollywood will soon be claiming that he is this or that character in **Banderol**, since the play centers around a studio production boss and was written by Dore Scharf, ex-production boss at M-G-M (Oct. 9). Anthony Quinn and Margaret Leighton star in an adaptation of Francois Billeloux's **Tchin-Tchin** (the word equals hello or goodbye, like *ciao* in Italian), a tale about lovers who meet as a result of a love affair between his wife and her husband (Oct. 18). A limited-run production of Sheridan's *The School for Scandal* opens on Broadway Jan. 21, starring Sir Ralph Richardson and Sir John Gielgud, who will also direct. Sidney Kingsley's first play in eight years is called **Night Life** (Oct. 23). It takes place in a key club, has 28 people onstage throughout, and is written in what Kingsley calls "a free and new use of verbal imagery and a new use of the stream-of-consciousness technique."



TWIST & FAGIN OF "OLIVER!"  
It's way out of town.

## RELIGION

### Of Antioch & All the East

Popes once grandly divided up the world, while abbots governed dukedoms the size of Rhode Island. Since then, temporal authority among religious leaders has mostly gone out of style. Last week a cleric who still has much civic influence arrived for a six-week visit in the U.S.: His Beatitude Paul Peter Meouchi, 68, Patriarch of Antioch and all the East.

Meouchi (pronounced May-oo-she) is spiritual leader of some 500,000 Lebanese Christians, plus more than 200,000 in the U.S. who observe the Maronite Rite of the Roman Catholic Church. But his importance goes well beyond the spiritual. President Kennedy, who is seldom seen publicly with U.S. Catholic bishops, will receive him at the White House. At home in Lebanon, Meouchi is frequently consulted by Lebanon's Prime Minister Rashid Karamé, a Moslem.\* Both Lebanon's Grand Mufti and Jordan's King Hussein are good friends and correspondents of Meouchi's, and Syria's President Nazem El-Koussi phones him often from Damascus. No Middle Eastern statesman of any faith would think of visiting Lebanon without stopping in at his yellow stone palace at Bkerki, near Beirut. "We are everybody's father," says the patriarch.

**Abilities & Tensions.** The nature of his ecclesiastical position and the history of his tiny country (4,015 sq. mi., 1,600,000 pop.) necessarily make Patriarch Meouchi a political figure. A proud mountain people who preserved their Christian faith through centuries of Arab persecution, the Maronites regard the patriarchy as a symbol of their national ambitions.

The Maronites are one of 14 Eastern Christian churches that are in doctrinal union with Rome, although they have their own customs, liturgical languages and ritual practices. Maronites trace their origin back to the 5th century monks of Bait-Marun, who, from a fortress-monastery dedicated to St. Maron, upheld the faith against heretics. Although isolated from other Christian groups by Islam's triumph in the East, the Maronites always maintained their loyalty to the Pope: when the knights of the First Crusade landed in the Middle East, Maronites were there to help them set up camp. After the Saracen reconquest, the Maronites fought to maintain their independence in fortresses in the Lebanon mountains, provided refuge for other Christians, and even dissident Moslem groups, who were persecuted by the Arabs and Turks.

The Maronites were never conquered by the Ottoman Empire, which granted them political autonomy in the late 19th century. The sect has expanded and prospered; Maronites now control many of the banks and newspapers in Lebanon.

\* By a gentleman's agreement, Lebanon's Prime Minister is always a Moslem and the President always a Christian—reflecting the fact that the population is half Moslem, half Maronites and other Christians.



PATRIARCH MEOUCHI  
Temporal as well as spiritual.

Under Meouchi, they have built many new churches and opened new seminaries, now have twelve bishops and 1,600 priests. Although the Maronites have adopted some Western Catholic religious customs, such as the rosary, they recite their liturgy in Syriac and Arabic; priests, but not bishops, are allowed to be married.

**A Vote for F.D.R.** The son of a mountain village shopkeeper, Patriarch Meouchi entered a seminary at the age of 15, earned doctorates in theology and philosophy from Catholic universities in Rome. He came to the U.S. in 1920 as secretary to a Maronite bishop on a pasto-



TRANSLATOR DRIVER  
Hockles as well as hopes.

ral visit, stayed to organize new churches in Mexico, take on parish duties in Indiana, Massachusetts and Los Angeles. He held U.S. citizenship, and remembers voting for Roosevelt in 1932, but returned to Lebanon as Bishop of Tyre two years later. Pope Pius XII named him patriarch in 1955.

Three years later, when President Camille Chamoun's attempt to stay in office beyond his term led to Christian-Moslem street fighting that killed 1,200 (and ultimately brought on the peace-keeping invasion by U.S. Marines), Meouchi argued persuasively for peace. "We must live with our Moslem brothers," he said, and civil war was averted.

Meouchi has worked to moderate Arab hatred of Israel, probably has closer ties with Islam than any other Christian leader in the world today. Recently, when a delegation of mullahs visited his palace, Meouchi blessed them as they recited their daily prayers to Mecca, under a portrait of Pope John XXIII. "The British have a well-known phrase, 'In His Majesty's service.' Well, that's my job," says Meouchi, pointing skywards. "I am in His Majesty's service."

### Out with the Old

New Bible translations seem to be born every year: there are Bibles in Basic English, in meter, in I-see-the-cat prose for kindergartners, in *Reader's Digest*-like condensations. But the *New English Bible* that is being translated by British Protestant scholars is no such trifle. It is a serious effort to create an accurate Bible in contemporary prose, and its sponsors hope that it will be good enough to replace the King James Version in Christian worship services. The New Testament went on sale last year; the Old will not be ready for publication until 1968.

**Saith Not.** Critics generally like the clarity of the N.E.B.'s New Testament, but many thought that it substituted the bland corporate prose of a newspaper editorial for the majestic cadences of the King James Version. Last week Dr. Godfrey Driver, chairman of the N.E.B.'s ten-man team of Old Testament scholars, made it clear that the translation of the Old Testament will raise exactly the same kind of hopes and hockles. He reported that 21 of the 39 Old Testament books have been completely translated and passed by the anonymous panel of literary experts—including two poets and a number of university professors—who approve the translation's English style. Others are in progress, but three of the books have not yet been started.

Driver and his team are ruthlessly pruning archaisms from their translation: *saith* and *doth* are out; *thee* and *thou* are not used, except when God is addressed. *Lord* (in capital letters) will be used in place of *Jehovah*—a philologically meaningless attempt to render the sacred Hebrew Tetragrammaton YHWH. The translators are also trying to weed out what Driver calls "nonsense" caused by faulty reading of the manuscripts. In Psalm 2, for example, "Tremble before him and kiss his feet in



homage" will replace a serious misinterpretation in the King James Version: "Rejoice with trembling. Kiss the son, lest he be angry." Job's picturesque "If I wash myself with snow water" becomes the prosaic "If I wash myself with soap," on the ground that snow water has no extra-special cleaning power. Until the scholars can think of a better word for it, Miriam's leprosy (in *Numbers 12:10*) will become "a disease of the skin"; what she really had, says Driver, is psoriasis.

"As a Lover of English." The Old Testament translators are aware of the criticism against the New Testament, but Driver defends the effort to produce a new Bible. "The job has to be redone every 100 years or so," he says. "You've got to meet the speech of that generation. What we have to do is to persuade the back-countryman that, beautiful as it is, the old version is often nonsense."

Not all the back-countrymen are convinced, although the N.E.B. New Testament has sold about 4,500,000 copies and is used in some Anglican church services. Last week one Church of England layman with some competence in English letters wrote to the *Times*, protesting against the use of the *New English Bible* in worship. "Before such substitution becomes common practice, it is to be hoped that the style of this translation may be improved. I am not here raising any doctrinal question, but write simply as a lover of the English language." The complainant: Poet T. S. Eliot.

## St. Pius IX?

One major purpose of the Roman Catholic Church's forthcoming Ecumenical Council is to complete the work of internal reform planned by the bishops at the First Vatican Council of 1869-1870. Last week Pope John XXIII announced that he hopes, during the course of the Council, to proclaim the beatification of the Pope who presided over that last council: Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti, who as Pius IX ruled (1846-1878) than any Pope in history. If he is later canonized, a process that might take decades, he will be called St. Pius IX.

"Pio Nono" was a strong-willed prelate whom many will have difficulty visualizing as a saint on the same ecclesiastical calendar with Francis of Assisi or Paul of Tarsus. Elected to the chair of St. Peter in 1846, Pius IX started out as one of the most liberal-minded Popes in centuries. He granted amnesty to political prisoners jailed during the reign of his predecessor, tried to clean up the corrupt, sluggish government of the Papal States. To the surprise of Europe's statesmen, he even seemed sympathetic to the ideals of Italian nationalism, and for a while worked actively to unite Italy's assortment of kingdoms and principalities into a federation.

**Doctrine & Syllabus.** Pio Nono's liberalism did not last long. In 1848, Roman civic leaders, furious that he would not consider war with Austria, assassinated his Prime Minister and set up a "people's republic." Pius fled to exile in Gaeta, near

Naples. There he defined, on his own authority, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. When French troops restored him to his dominions in 1850, Pius IX was a cautious political conservative. Much of his suspicion of modern ideas is summed up in the notorious *Syllabus of Errors* of 1864—a belligerent denunciation of such philosophies as rationalism and liberalism that anti-Catholics still find useful as a weapon against the church.

Five years later, Pius convened the first Vatican Council. Although a preparatory commission drew up a long list of topics, only two major decisions were reached: a definition of the fundamentals of faith and the dogma that the Pope, speaking for the church on faith and morals, is infallible. On October 20, 1870, the Council adjourned. King Victor Emmanuel's troops invaded Rome and forcibly in-



Pio Nono  
Troubled, but infallible.

corporated the 1,116-year-old papal dominions into a new Kingdom of Italy.

**Prisoner of the Vatican.** Pius refused the pension offered him by the Italian government, and settled down to live in St. Peter's as the "Prisoner of the Vatican." He died, embittered by his political failures, in 1878. When his coffin was carried to a final resting place at San Lorenzo fuori le Mura three years later, anti-clerical Romans tossed mud at the mourners, unsuccessfully tried to seize the remains and dump them in the Tiber.

Because he so strongly resisted the ideas and political trends of the 19th century, Pio Nono has seemed to many historians to be a relic of medieval times. Yet many Catholic scholars defend his courage, if not his wisdom, and regard him as the founder of the modern papacy. Pope John XXIII regards Pius IX as "an admirable shepherd," whose beatification will be an appropriate symbol of the aims of the Council.

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## a charge accounting

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**TIME**  
The Weekly Newsmagazine

## PORTRAIT OF FAMILY PROTECTION



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# U.S. BUSINESS

## STATE OF BUSINESS

### The Tenant Gets a Break

The landlord, lordly so long, is getting into trouble. In New York City, the ads for new apartments trumpet "Rent Concessions—Of Course" and "Move in November, 1962—Rent Starts February, 1963." One Chicago builder, worried about filling his newest, 39-story lakeside building, is offering such extras as a baby-sitting service, three restaurants, a health club and free limousine rides to the Loop on wintry mornings. Not every U.S. tenant has it so good (rents remain firm in

have taken some of the luster off the suburbs, and have led to some return to the cities. (New York City, which normally puts up 10% of the nation's new housing, has a special reason for its apartment building boom: to beat the deadline for the first major zoning ordinance change since 1916, builders took out as many permits last year as they normally would in three years.)

**The Coming Fall.** Some 1,400,000 new houses and apartment units will be built this year (a gain of 9% over last year), but 7.4% of the nation's apartments are now vacant. Says one top mortgage spe-

Price wars have spread like a rash across the nation, dumping prices in some places to as low as 13¢ per gal. (it remains 35¢ in New York City). Business is so competitive that last year 37% of the nation's 220,000 service stations changed hands or closed down, the highest turnover rate in U.S. retailing. In Chicago, where the battle is sharpest, half of the stations changed hands. The war has hit the major oil companies where it hurts most: the profits of Gulf, Sun, Indiana Standard and Sinclair were down by 9% to 24% in this year's first half.

What causes the wars is the big surplus of refining capacity that major companies built after the Suez crisis. This, combined with the advent of gas-miserly compact cars and smooth-riding superhighways (that save on fuel), has created a glut. Production cannot be fully cut back, because gasoline is just one of the byproducts of the refinery process.

Several years ago, major companies began to get rid of their excess gasoline by wholesaling it to private-brand operators, who then underpriced the big firms' stations by 2¢ or 3¢ per gal. The independents began to grab off 20% of the business in some areas. Last year, to protect their own stations, Gulf introduced its "subregular" Gulfane, and Sun brought out its Blue Sunoco 100, which compete directly with the independents' prices. Other major oil companies also cut prices, financed the local fights by keeping prices high at their stations on superhighways.

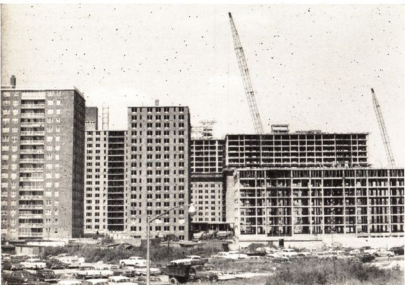
Independents are being squeezed badly. Says Pittsburgh Independent Thomas B. Tomb: "I spend most of my time driving up and down the streets looking over my competitors' prices. One day this week I changed my price twice in two hours." Sometimes the price switches seem mysteriously coincidental; an Indianapolis price war ended just before the 500-mile Memorial Day auto race, which attracts tens of thousands of visitors to the city.

Customers, many of whom have little brand loyalty, have become cagey in playing the ups and downs at the fuel pumps. Says Detroit Independent Lee Rogers: "When prices go up, customers start buying 50¢ worth at a time, waiting for prices to go back down before they fill up. The sad part of this thing is that they are right, and I see no end to it."

### The Regional Economies

The U.S. economy may be sluggish, but not in Denver, where the influx of tourists and Titan missile contracts has helped to boost the value of new construction by 90% this year. The sun also shines on Hawaii, where tourism is up 19%. In Nevada, personal income is running 13% higher than last year's levels. The gaps in the New England economy, left by the wholesale departure of the textile industry, are being filled by electronics. Personal income in the area is up almost 7% from a year ago.

The nation's economy is in fact a mix-



APARTMENTS RISING IN NEW YORK CITY  
Move now, pay later.

such cities as Atlanta and San Francisco), but rents are easing in many areas because so many new apartments are rising.

**The Hollow Boom.** Apartments accounted for barely 10% of the new housing market a decade ago, but this year will make up almost one-third of it. Greater Chicago and Southern California are among the areas where in 1962 for the first time more apartments than houses will be built. This is one trend that does little for the U.S. economy, because an apartment usually requires far less concrete, lumber and glass than a house. The average apartment costs 57% as much to build as the average single-family house. And because apartments usually go up in well-developed areas, they do not kick off a fresh round of construction of streets, sewers, schools and shopping centers. Neither do they make for many two-car families.

Many families have switched to apartment living because houses have become so costly. "Around here," sighs one Los Angeles real estate man, "an \$18,000 house is a cheapie." Around New York, a \$22,000 house is a cheapie. Lawn mowing, long commuter trips and crowded highways

cialist: "The owners can't afford such a large vacancy rate. There has got to be a drop in starts."

Other housing specialists expect a slowdown for a few years, then a surge in demand for apartments, as the big generation of World War II babies grows up, marries and moves in. Buyers and renters need shed few tears for the builders, who continue to earn a pretax return of 30% to 40% on invested capital. "The smart builder is still making a good profit," says Washington, D.C., Housing Consultant Robinson Newcomb: "It's only getting a little harder to become a millionaire."

### The Great Gas War

In the lobby of Roanoke's Hotel Roanoke last week hung a large wreath of yellow roses and gladioli with the inscription: "In honor of those who gave their all in our fight for freedom in the market place." It was a reminder to the delegates at the National Congress of Petroleum Retailers meeting that 60,000 service station operators have bitten the dust in the Great Gasoline Price War, which threatens to be the sharpest and costliest ever.

ture that varies not only by industry but by region (see map). A business slowdown has been most evident in the long-established industrial regions, notably the great northern tier from New York to Wisconsin, where half the nation's budget for plant and equipment is spent.

With the softness in steel, coal and rails, general business activity in the Pittsburgh area, as measured by the University of Pittsburgh, is down to 84.4% of the 1957-59 average. One in ten workers is unemployed, and 156,000 families in Allegheny County are eligible for free federal surplus food. Chicago's economy, though growing, expands at a rate slower than that of the nation as a whole. The

## AVIATION Merger in the Air

The nation's two major international airlines were close to agreement on a merger last week, though neither side would publicly admit it. The deal would link money-losing Trans World Airlines with money-making Pan American World Airways, to form the world's largest line. It would have routes throughout the U.S. and to all continents, a combined fleet of 125 jetliners and sales exceeding \$800 million. Next step would be to persuade the Civil Aeronautics Board and the White House that one big U.S. carrier is necessary to withstand the competition

back that the official predictions of General Motors executives since 1957 have overshot the mark by an average 600,000 cars a year.

For all of this internecine gamesmanship, Detroit's basic message is that the two biggest automakers confidently expect two back-to-back years of more than 6,000,000 sales. Only once before, in 1959-60, has that been achieved. Auto stocks went up last week on Wall Street, helping to lift the Dow-Jones industrial average. It closed the week at 613.74, thus finally recovering all the ground lost since the hectic morning of Blue Monday, May 28.

If buyers take to the '63s, it will not be because of radical styling changes. Changes are few, though selling vocabulary has a new sound. Here is some of the jargon that customers will be hearing more of in Model Year '63:

**Bright Work** is the phrase for chrome, which got to be a nasty word in the industry a few years ago. It will dress up the '63 Ford and Mercury models, which are otherwise little changed. Ford is going back to the dictum that "chrome is everybody's favorite color." The General Motors Chevrolets will continue to go light on bright work.

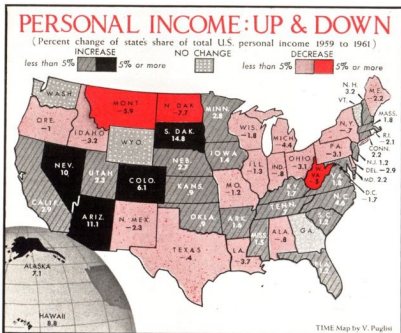
**Backlight** is the rear window. Mercury's medium-priced Monterey will have one that opens. Press a button and the center section of the backlight slides down on two runners.

**Cousins** are look-alike cars, such as the '62 Oldsmobile F-85 and the Buick Special. Cousins are out this year because the automakers have learned that customers often get confused by them, cannot decide which to buy, sometimes wind up buying neither. The Oldsmobile F-85 has grown larger for '63, no longer resembles the Buick Special, which is basically unchanged from '62.

**Fastback** is a big word in Detroit this year. It denotes a car whose silhouette flows from windshield to rear bumper in a continuous, rounded, convex curve. Chevrolet's completely redesigned Corvette hardtop is a fastback. So is the Studebaker Avanti (TIME, April 13). Ford calls its '63 Comet and Falcon hardtops fastbacks, but they are really only "semi-fastbacks" because their rear windows break the curve.

**Piazz**, last year's big word, means jazzy touches for those who dream of owning a sports car. Piazz includes stick shifts, floor bars on the dashboard, and bucket seats.

**Bucket Seats**, such as racing cars have, are what the sporty new Falcon compact convertible would be expected to have but doesn't. Since the Falcon convertible is pitched largely to the college set, Ford did some research and found out this: on the first date, 33% of the men and 42% of the women like to go out in cars with the widely spaced bucket seats. Among couples that have advanced to the stage of going steady, the percentage is down to 27% of the men and 15% of the women. And hardly any honeymooners want them. So the Falcon convertible will have a single-bench seat.



city's business is widely diversified, but is light on the fastest-growing industries, such as aerospace and electronics. The fastest-growing regions—the West and the Southeast—are becoming increasingly self-sufficient by developing their own industries such as metals, chemicals, refining and clothing. And giant industries concentrated in the North, such as the auto industry in Michigan, are spreading out around the country, opening new plants closer to markets.

Industries in the past sprang up near ore beds and oil pools, or near railroads and rivers, but now tend to grow better where the climate is gentle. Planemakers settled in California for the good flying weather; largely because of aerospace and the sun, California by year's end will surpass New York as the nation's biggest state in terms of population. In the South, many states are also doing well because they have wooed industry by offering tax breaks, low-wage labor, right-to-work laws. The nation's booming service industries grow with the influx of people, which is one reason why the incomes of Arizona and Alaska are on the rise.

of heavily subsidized state-owned foreign airlines. A shadow over the possible TWA-Pan Am combination is the attitude of elusive Industrialist Howard Hughes, who was forced by creditors in 1960 to put his 78.2% ownership of TWA in trust and is now trying to win back voting control through a suit he has in the courts. He would hardly cheer a merger in which he did not have the principal say.

## AUTOS Stylish Semantics

Showing the new Chevrolets to the press last week, General Motors Vice President Semon Knudsen tossed off the prediction that 1963 will be a 7,000,000-car year. When asked why he was so much more optimistic than Ford Division Chief Lee Iacocca, who figures that sales will cool down from this year's anticipated 6,800,000 by half a million or so, "Bunky" Knudsen purred: "I think Lee has made his prediction in line with his product, and I am making mine in line with my product." Ford spokesmen quickly shot



## CORPORATIONS

### Jumpers at Jonathan Logan

The rag business, as the \$12 billion-a-year garment industry dubs itself, is stretching out. In the lofts above the pushcart pandemonium of Manhattan's Seventh Avenue, Italian seamstresses have given way to Negroes and Puerto Ricans, and in carpeted executive suites, the district's predominantly Jewish chiefs proudly point out that more and more young gentiles are coming in as junior executives. The most significant change, however, is that giants are beginning to appear in an industry where the average firm has 40 employees. Biggest of them all is Jonathan Logan, Inc., whose sales, running 34% ahead of last year's, are expected to reach \$80 million in 1962.

Jonathan Logan has brought modern management methods to a colorfully confused industry. In a business where buyers traditionally go to sellers, Jonathan Logan has more than 60 button-down salesmen constantly visiting the trade, testing trends, reporting on sales. At its new distribution center in New Jersey, a Univac computer sorts and digests day-to-day orders according to models, shades and sizes; with it, the company can toss out slow sellers or step up production in a hurry. Jonathan Logan even has its own C-46 transport airlifting fabrics and finished goods to and from its 28 plants around the U.S., has sliced ten days off delivery times.

**Everything for Junior.** In real life there is no "Jonathan Logan." The name was invented by Founder and President David Schwartz, 60, a grey-haired, broad-browed, restless man with a voice like the horn on a Staten Island ferry. Born in Harlem to Russian immigrants, he broke into the rag business 47 years ago as a messenger, has become one of its wealthiest titans. He roams and roars through Jonathan Logan's head offices, darting into showrooms to glad-hand buyers, dashing into design rooms to tug at fabrics and study new lines. He is kindly but curt. "Do me a favor," he shouts to an interloper in the company's design rooms, "and get out."

When Schwartz started his own company in 1924 with \$7,500, he decided to concentrate on the "junior" market. Juniors are worn by fewer than 20% of U.S. women, but those women buy 35% of all the clothes. Jonathan Logan's trademark is the "simple" dresses of basic style that can be worn more than one season. "Paris sets the trends, but we execute them," says Schwartz. While most Jonathan Logan clothes have junior-sized prices of \$14.98 to \$29.98, Schwartz also has lines (Butte Knit, Youth Guild, Junior Accent) that retail, after the stores' usual 60% markup, up to \$80.

Schwartz has ridden the postwar trend to national style in fashions and materials. "Take a dress like this," says he, fingering a "double-knit" wool sheath. "You can wear this in Nova Scotia or you can wear it in Atlanta when the temperature is 107 degrees." Schwartz and his Cornell-educated son Richard, 24, Jonathan Lo-



DAVID GAHR  
SCHWARTZ, SON & MODELS  
The figures look good.

gan's executive vice president, now show new lines in Dallas or Minneapolis before they show in New York, discard models that go over poorly outside Manhattan.

Pacemaker Jonathan Logan also is a leader in the technology of garment making. Its factory at Spartanburg, S.C., is in a mechanical sense the industry's first "integrated" plant. "Raw wool in one door and finished dresses out the other," beams Schwartz.

**On to Wall Street.** To raise working capital in a business where inventories are high and accounts receivable often precariously higher, Schwartz has brought off some imaginative deals. Two years ago, Jonathan Logan merged with Montana's moribund Butte Copper & Zinc Co., took over its assets, earned \$2,700,000 after taxes. Through Butte, Jonathan Logan got a listing on the New York Exchange (current trading symbol: JOL), became the first ladies' ready-to-wear maker to make the Big Board. The highly competitive garment business had been suspicious of "going public" because that requires a company to publish intimate

financial details. But after Schwartz showed that public listing also opens better lines of credit, there was a rush from Seventh Avenue to Wall Street. Schwartz's nearest competitor, Bobbie Brooks ('61 sales: \$44 million), has become listed, as have several other garmentmakers.

Several years ago Schwartz considered retirement, but his subordinates, as he tells the story, twisted his arm to remain because "the company would make more money if I stayed on." Now he is determined to stay at least until Jonathan Logan cracks the trade's version of a sound barrier—the \$100 million sales year.

## PERSONNEL

### Du Pont Is His Middle Name

Most executives have a running theme in their public speeches, and Lamont du Pont Copeland's theme is the necessity for "interested owners" (stockholders) to participate more actively in corporations, rather than leaving it all to hired professional management. He is in a rare position to do just that. Last week serious, reserved "Mots" Copeland, 57, great-great-grandson of Founder E. I. du Pont and one of the company's largest stockholders, became the eleventh president in the 160-year history of the biggest chemical maker in the world.

As chief executive, Copeland succeeds Crawford Hallock Greenwalt, 60, the son-in-law of onetime President Irénée du Pont; Greenwalt moves up to chairman of the board after 14 years as president. While Greenwalt will "guide policy decisions," Du Pont's operations will be run by Copeland, who joined the family firm shortly after graduating from Harvard (B.S. in engineering, '28) and, save for a four-month layoff during the Depression, has been with it ever since. The change, Du Pont executives say, was long scheduled, but hinged on the retirement of Walter S. Carpenter Jr., 74, who wanted to stay on as chairman until the completion of Du Pont's long and vain battle to avoid selling its General Motors stock under a U.S. antitrust action. With Carpenter's retirement, the company loses the only man outside the Du Pont family ever to have served as a Du Pont president (1940-48).



DU PONT'S GREENWALT & COPELAND  
The formula looks familiar.

# WORLD BUSINESS S

## WESTERN EUROPE

### Signs of Slowdown

Western Europe's postwar economic wonder—its decisive leap from bombed-out plants to sold-out production—is still pretty wonderful, but not quite as much so. Italians speak with pride of the "Italian Miracle," which has made them much more prosperous than in days of Caesar or *Il Duce*. French workers, who once scrimped to buy their good meals and wine, now drive their families to the seashore for August holidays. English tradesmen have long since scrapped their vintage cars that were held together with baling wire and loving care; London now looks the most prosperous city in Europe. West German businessmen, a less apologetic lot abroad than their politicians, have become Wagnerian troubadours of free enterprise doing successful battle in foreign markets.

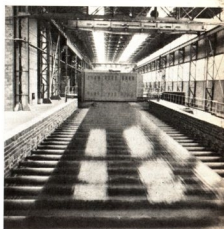
Looking on in envy, many U.S. businessmen have come to believe that the Europeans have found the fountain of eternal prosperity. Not quite so: the fountain still flows, but less exuberantly. While industrial production in the six-nation Common Market is running 6% ahead of last year's fast pace, the rate of gain is lower than in previous years. Steel output is down 2.4% from 1961. Italy is experiencing declines in home-building and cement production. British shipbuilding is at its lowest ebb since World War II. West Germany's gross national product, which showed a real gain of 5.8% last year, will increase by only 3.5% this year (i.e., an increase of 7% in the U.S.). The Common Market's high authority notes "a leveling off in the growth of investment," and the French government

complains of a "slowing rhythm in the progression of demand." The mood in every European nation is one of hesitancy.

**Help Wanted.** One difficulty is an acute labor shortage, in part the result of the manpower lost in World War II. Industry has had to hire all but the squarest pegs and complains of poor productivity and increased absenteeism. West Germany has imported 700,000 workers from abroad, still has 600,000 jobs unfilled because, as the managers say, "there are not enough Italians to go around." The Netherlands is recruiting workers in Greece, Portugal and Ireland, and so many Spaniards are working up north that the wages they send home have become an important \$100 million asset in balancing Spain's international payments.

In the tight labor market, Europe's long-domiciled trade unions are beginning to noisily claim their due. Costs of production are rising just when worldwide competition has sharpened. Employers, having to meet wage increases out of lower profit margins, have slowed their rate of capital investment.

**The Inflationary Swamp.** After many years of remarkable self-restraint, West German unions have picked up the chant of Construction Workers Chief Georg Leber: "Get all you can." The Germans have a lot of getting to do: family income averages only \$181.30 a month and, at the rate pay has been going up in recent years, German wages will not catch up with U.S. wages for 20 years—if even then. But wages in the past twelve months have soared 14%, wiping out a productivity gain of 7%. Businessmen have covered part of the increase by raising prices (Germany's export prices have increased 4.2% over the past year). Gone are the



GLASSMAKING IN FRANCE  
Wine, families and holidays.

plump times when German firms could simultaneously finance all investment from profits, add lavishly to reserves and pay handsome dividends. Wrote the business-oriented daily *Frankfurter Allgemeine*: "We have long since ceased being a model, and instead are increasingly coming to be a horrible example. We are running wildly into the inflationary swamp. Have we suddenly lost our minds?"

**Low-Level Productivity.** Bundesbank President Karl Blessing says West Germany is catching "the English disease," by which he means allowing wages to outrun productivity, thus pricing goods out of foreign competition. But the unpopular "wage pause" ordered by the Macmillan government a year ago has helped Britain to hold wage increases to 4.6% and to spur British exports to the Common Market countries, where wages are increasing much faster. Britain's increase in productivity, however, is a poor 2½%, and companies with excess capacity find little incentive to expand. Managers are also delaying decisions to spend until they learn whether Britain will get into the Common Market. (If Britain does not, her businessmen will probably decide to build plants on the Continent.)

France is just beginning to feel the slowdown. Industrial production has risen 7.5% in the past year, led by the auto industry's 16% jump. But new orders have dropped. Partly because of a profits pinch resulting from a 20% jump in wages over the past two years, French private industry is delaying new investment in plant and machines.

**High-Level Stagnation.** The labor shortage is less severe in Italy because of the reservoir of unemployed in the poverty-ridden south, but skills are scarce. In the past nine months, Italian labor has managed to pressure wages up 11.2%—and the cost of living has climbed 5.4%.

How much this has affected profits is hard to tell because Italian industrialists are experts at that old European game of "cooking the books"—keeping three sets of accounts, one for the tax collector, one for the stockholders, one for the



WORKERS' SNACK BREAK AT GERMANY'S DAIMLER-BENZ  
Catching "the English disease."



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**What a wonderful difference it makes!** Air passing through the system will be freed of up to 99% of the pollen†—tobacco smoke and other particles will also be effectively removed. Mirrors will stay sparkling—draperies fresh and clean—longer than before. You'll save on cleaning bills, too. You won't throw away the dust cloth, but you'll surely reduce dusting.

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\*As measured by the National Bureau of Standards Dust Spot Method.



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New whole-house  **Honeywell Electronic Air Cleaner**

company itself. But businessmen are concerned by the increasing leftism of Premier Fanfani and the nationalization of the electric power industry. Italy's industrial output is a remarkable 12% higher than a year ago, but manufacturers' new orders are slumping. Top Italian Economist Livio Magnani talks like a New Frontiersman: "We are going through a period of stagnation on high economic and industrial levels."

Among the Benelux nations, The Netherlands has a severe labor shortage, and Luxembourg's large steel industry lags be-

cozy European traditions: "It must be the company's aim to secure reasonable profits with growing volume of business at lower prices rather than rely on smaller volume of business at higher prices."

## WORLD TRADE

### Soothing the Coffee Nerves

It looked as solemn, and frequently got as unfriendly, as a meeting on Berlin or disarmament. But actually, what has gone on behind closed doors at the United Nations headquarters for the past seven



COFFEE CONFERENCE AT THE U.N.  
Agreement in the bag.

hind last year's pace. (Even so, Luxembourg has only 43 unemployed.) Belgium is a booming exception; in first-half 1962, exports were up 13%, profits 10%.

**Wide Open Markets.** It is only natural that Europe's postwar economy, now 17 years old, should grow at a slower rate than when it was less mature. On the bright side is the fact that consumer demand for hard goods is still unrelenting. There is only one auto for every twelve Europeans (v. one for every three Americans), only one TV set for every three German families. In France housing construction is rising by 2% a year, but economists contend that the increase should be ten to 20 times greater to fill the nation's needs.

The more progressive European businessmen believe that they have much to learn from U.S. methods of production, distribution and automation. Supermarkets are catching on. So is the automated factory, such as the Saint-Gobain glassworks at Chantierne, France, where a few button-pressing workers turn out a continuous "river of glass." And for all its labor shortage, Europe still abounds in make-work jobs protected by tradition, and sometimes by law.

"The main source of additional profits must be sought in greater efficiency," says Paul Chambers, chairman of Europe's biggest chemical producer, Imperial Chemical Industries, Fortnight ago Britain's Chambers set an example for his fellow Europeans by calling in a U.S. consulting firm to examine every operation in the company in the hope of cutting costs. Says Chambers, poking at some

weeks has been history's biggest kaffeeklatsch. Everybody wanted to do something about prices and production in the glutted coffee market.

Among the delegates from 71 nations, the Latin Americans were angry at Europe's Common Market nations for clamping high tariffs on South American coffee and almost none on coffee from France's former African colonies. The Latin Americans wanted rigid export quotas. The Africans, whose beans are used mostly for instant coffee and whose coffee trade is booming on the trend to instant, wanted elastic quotas that would expand or contract with world demand. And all the producing countries wanted the Europeans to lower their high taxes on coffee (example: \$1.50 a lb. in West Germany).

After oil, coffee is the biggest commodity in world trade. With overproduction and massive stockpiles threatening to collapse coffee prices, delegates agreed that something had to be done. Under the prodding of the U.S. delegation, they finally reached an agreement last week to establish a worldwide Coffee Council, which will assign tight export quotas to producing nations based on their current level of exports. But the quotas will be revised as the demand for various types of coffee fluctuates—a victory for the Africans.

The agreement was likely to stabilize coffee prices at about their current level. The 40-odd producing countries promised to use part of their fresh coffee profits to finance the development of their economies and become less dependent on foreign aid handouts.

## AUTOS

### Riding on Water

Whether or not Britain goes into the Common Market, British automakers hope to capture a larger share of the expanding Continental market for cars. Their most ambitious entry is British Motor Corp.'s new four-door Morris 1100, which is about a foot shorter than a Volkswagen. To smooth the ride on Europe's cambered roads, the Morris introduces a novel suspension system called "Hydro-lastic Suspension," after its two key components, rubber and water.

Set over each wheel is a springlike rubber cylinder filled with a "cocktail" of water and antifreeze. Thin tubes connect the front and rear cylinders. When a front wheel hits a bump, the shock compresses the front cylinder, which squeezes the fluid to the rear, expanding the rear cylinder. This lifts the tail slightly to "ride" with the bump. After the rear wheel passes the bump, the fluid returns to the front, cushioning the overall shock.

The Morris was designed by B.M.C.'s Alec Issigonis, who says: "My job is not to design fashion accessories or status symbols, but motorcars—things that travel as efficiently as possible from A to B. A car should take its shape from the engineering that goes into it." The 1100 speeds up to 77 m.p.h. on a 48-h.p. engine placed up front. In Britain, its basic price is \$1,372. When the car is exported to the U.S. in about six months, it will probably be sold under the sporty marque of M.G., another B.M.C. brand.

B.M.C.'s competitors are rolling out new race models. France's Renault has introduced the R-8, which looks like a squared-off Dauphine but is roomier and quieter. It also costs more (\$1,400 in France for the R-8, v. \$1,000 for the Dauphine). Speeding to 80 m.p.h. on a 48-h.p. engine, the R-8 is faster than the Dauphine, has four sports-car-type disk brakes.

Germany's Opel, a subsidiary of General Motors, last week brought out its new Kadett, which is priced at \$1,269, v. \$1,245 for the small Volkswagen. The two-door Kadett speeds to 75 m.p.h. on a 46-h.p. engine, and, like the Morris 1100 and the Renault R-8, gets about 35 miles per gallon. It has a bigger luggage compartment than the Volkswagen, but no major styling or mechanical innovations. Up at VW headquarters in Wolfsburg, the Volkswagen people did not seem worried.

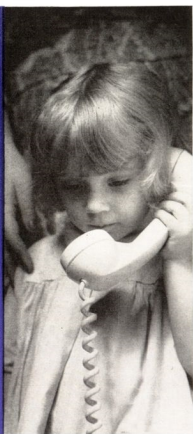
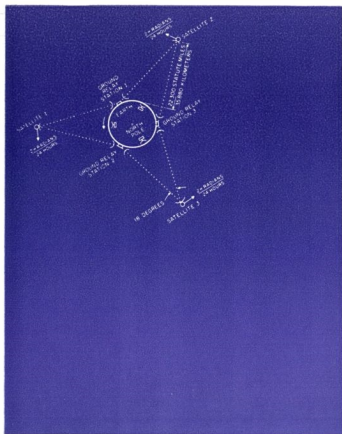
### SMOOTHER RIDING

When front wheels hit bump, piston in front forces fluid to rear, raising the tail to balance with front.

Piston      Piston

When rear wheels in turn hit bump, piston forces fluid to front, equalizing the ride.





## THE INFINITE USES OF INFINITY

How many ways will space exploration benefit our children? The list grows almost daily. Satellites will help predict weather more accurately. Men will make and place objects in the heavens to replace stars for navigation. There is literally no end in sight. Take one of the areas in which ITT is deeply involved: communications. The diagram shows a proposed network that would tie 90 per cent of the earth's surface into one telephone, TV and data transmission system. Three satellites, placed in fixed orbits 22,300 miles above the equator, would do it. / Within the ITT System our companies have the full range of capabilities for building entire space systems from ground based equipment to the satellites themselves. With the help of 8,000 scientists and engineers in 24 countries, the ITT System is amassing the communications knowledge needed to help make the most of the infinite uses of infinity. / International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, World Headquarters: 320 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York.

worldwide electronics and telecommunications **ITT**



**ADVANCED SATURN**, shown in artist's concept above, will be the free world's largest rocket, standing some 350 feet high and measuring 33 feet in diameter. Takeoff weight will be approximately 6,000,000 pounds. A National Aeronautics and Space Administration program, Saturn will be used to power orbital and space

flights, including the three-man Apollo vehicle's lunar flight. Saturn will be able to place 100 tons in earth orbit, or transport several tons of instruments to Mars. Boeing holds NASA contract to develop, build and test the S-IC first-stage booster, comprising five engines developing thrust equal to about 160 million horsepower.

## *Capability has many faces at Boeing*



**AIR CARGO** enters jet age with new 707-320C cargo jets. Already ordered by two carriers (Pan American and World Airways) 320C can carry 45 tons at 575 mph, providing "next morning" deliveries across an ocean or continent.

**HOT SHOT** wind tunnel tests winged research model in re-entry attitude, part of extensive Boeing space vehicle research. Test was made at simulated speed of 12,000 mph and altitude of 215,000 feet, at temperature of 5300 degrees F.



**MISSILE LAUNCH.** U. S. Air Force photo shows Boeing B-52H launching a hypersonic Skybolt, the nation's first air-launched ballistic missile, now under development. Versatile B-52 missile bombers also carry and launch supersonic Hound Dog missiles, as well as bomb-bay weapons, enabling it to strike a number of military targets on a single mission.

**BOEING**

## MUSIC

### Play the Way You Feel

"Good playing, precise playing," says Coleman Hawkins. "has no date—it goes on and on forever." Tenorman Hawkins should know what he is talking about. The man who gave the saxophone to jazz was blowing a wicked wind for 40 years—and the melodic breeze shows no signs of slackening. Having survived several shifts in jazz taste—swing to bebop to cool—Hawkins remains the busiest tenorman around. As fans at the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival in Cincinnati could testify last week, his swaggering saxophone has lost none of its ingenuity.

Dapper and erect at 58, Hawkins dominates the bandstand. Body swaying slightly, he shuts his eyes as he uncoils his long, looping solos with their artfully building figurations, their insistently driving rhythms, their soaring air of abandon. In such numbers as *Groovin'* or *Moonglow*, Hawkins' sax capers in a loose-jointed way that mirrors the musician's pleasure; in *Think Deep*, say, or *When Day Is Done*, the style remains as virile as ever, but the tone becomes even warmer and more open-throated—mellow in a manner that Saxophone Inventor Adolphe Sax (1814-94) would never have believed.

It was the big tone, the rhythmic stride and the air of unfettered delight that made Hawkins an immediate success when he broke in with the old Fletcher Henderson band in 1923. A St. Joseph (Mo.) boy, Hawkins was only 19; he had been playing the sax since he was nine, had been making good money working proms and club dates from his mid-teens. ("I

never played for \$5 a night in my life," says Hawkins with pride. "I was always a rich musician.") As the first jazzman of any real talent to play the tenor sax, Hawkins quickly built a reputation and an ardent following. He added to both in 1939 when he and his own nine-piece band cut *Body And Soul*, one of the most famous jazz disks ever recorded. Hawkins stayed as active in the bopping '40s as he had been in the swinging '30s, which would seem to lend weight to his theory that "there has been no evolution in jazz; it's the same old stuff interpreted and played differently. Laymen make a big deal about such-and-such a style, but it's all a matter of what a man is thinking."

When Stan Getz and his cool tenor made the scene in the late '40s, Hawkins was Out with the Ins. But that, too, passed. Hawkins is back In, so busy recording and hopping about the U.S. and Europe that he rarely has time to sit down to listen to his collection of classical records. The secret, he says, is to play the way you feel: "If I felt like climbing, I'd sound like I was climbing a mountain."

### 80 Years in Waltz Time

For most people, the mere mention of a Viennese operetta conjures up a waltz of post-Johann Strauss composers—Franz Lehár (*The Merry Widow*), Oskar Straus (*The Chocolate Soldier*), Emmerich Kalman (*Countess Maritza*). But beside their names belongs another: Robert Stolz. In his long career, Stolz has written almost as many operettas as the other three combined. Now 82, Stolz is the grand old man of operetta, the sole survivor of the golden age of popular Viennese music (1910-25). At Austria's open-air amphitheater on Lake Constance last week, Old Composer Stolz was still at work. Tall and gaunt, he mounted the podium and led the orchestra into a performance of *Trauminsel* (Isle of Dreams). It was his 43rd full-length operetta, and it was pure Viennese delight.

**Heady as Wine.** The enormous stage (40,000 sq. yds.) supported such assorted distractions as Aztec temples, adobe huts, palm-tree jungles and a fishing fleet with speckled sails that bobbed in a harbor set at stage left. Dancers and singers, 700 strong, roamed about, some of them equipped with flaring torches. Concealed battlefishermen's nets, the 120-man Vienna Symphony whipped out the music everyone had come to hear—a froth of billowy, bubbly Viennese tunes, as light and heady as the *Nussberger* wine that flowed before the performance. Through it all, the tenor sang of love:

*I've fallen in love for the thousandth time*

*With a girl who is beautiful when she dances or drinks wine*

*In the light of the sun or in moon shine,*

*More beautiful than any other girl who ever was mine.*

After 160 melodious minutes, the old



STOLZ & "ISLE" SCENE  
Always a Viennese delight.

man on the podium turned to acknowledge the gusty applause. The locale of *Trauminsel* may have been Mexico and the sets utopian, but no one who had ever heard a Viennese waltz could mistake the theme—a simple case, as Stolz himself put it in the title of his most famous operetta, of *Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time*.

**Fifth & Best.** Stolz's headlong career in three-quarter time has yielded, in addition to his operettas, the music for 99 films, eleven ice shows, and more than 2,000 songs. It all began in Graz, where Stolz picked up the rudiments of conducting at the local conservatory. Appointed assistant conductor of the Stadttheater at Brno when he was 23, he promptly grew a beard to 1) make himself look older, 2) confuse his creditors, and 3) camouflage himself from the first of his five wives—to say nothing of the several other girls he was leaving behind. Stolz was bitten by the composing bug while he was conductor of Vienna's Theater-an-der-Vienna, wrote some of his first real hits while serving as an army clerk in World War I. Among them: *Lang, lang ist's her* (700 performances), *Mädel kiss mich* (750), *Sperrscherschl* (a phenomenal 2,600 performances beginning in 1919).

A refugee from Hitler's Germany, Stolz spent the war years as a composer of screen scores for Hollywood. In 1956 he returned to live in Vienna, where he is honored as the last practitioner of a once popular art. His most ardent fan remains a pretty Viennese to whom he was introduced in Paris during the war as Yvonne ("Einzi") Ulrich. In Reno, Einzi became his fifth wife. "Like Beethoven's and Tchaikovsky's Fifth," says Stolz with satisfaction, "Einzi is my best."



TENORMAN HAWKINS  
Never for \$5 a night.



AMERICA'S CUP RACE COMMITTEE\*  
It was time to take a Bus.

MORRIS ROSENFIELD

## And Then There Was One

At least one expert was already satisfied. "I'd have to go with *Weatherly*—she's the all-round boat," said Briggs Cunningham, who skippered *Columbia* to victory over Britain's *Sceptre* in the 1958 America's Cup. "It's hard to think that the cup committee would go for a boat as weak as *Nefertiti* has proved in light air."

The record of Henry Mercer's 12-meter *Weatherly* spoke for itself. Three times off Newport last week, *Weatherly* trounced Ross Anderson's *Nefertiti* to make a run-away of their climactic duel for the right to defend the America's Cup next month against Australia's *Gretel*. In each of the three races, the boat skippered by Bus Moshbacher won by a bigger margin.

The end had already come for two of the four yachts battling for the defender's job. After six races of the final trials last week, cup officials eliminated Chandler Hovey's *Easterneer* (record: no wins, six losses) and Paul Shields's *Columbia* (3-3), leaving *Weatherly* (5-1) and *Nefertiti* (4-2) to race on alone.

More than 100 spectator boats were on hand two days later as *Nefertiti* and *Weatherly* jockeyed for the start of their own elimination race. A balmy 12-knot breeze ruffled the Atlantic. Aboard a tender, members of the Race Committee, which had laid out a 24-mile windward-leeward course, checked their chronometers and studied the 12-meters through binoculars. A superb boat in light air, *Weatherly* was already the commanding favorite. Deftly, Moshbacher beat Ted Hood to the start, had a three-length lead crossing the line. He increased the margin until at the finish *Weatherly* was 13 boat lengths and 1 min. 26 sec. in front.

Next day was a repeat performance, only on a far grander scale. This time the Race Committee decreed a triangular course with equal eight-mile legs. And in another afternoon of light breezes (5-8 knots), Moshbacher clearly had the better boat. On the first leg, *Weatherly* opened up a lead of more than six minutes, and Hood was only able to nibble at it the rest of the way. At the finish line, *Weatherly* was a crushing 4 min. 41 sec. ahead.

The third race was even more devastat-

## SPORT

ing. This time *Weatherly* won by 5 min. 39 sec., and that was it. Though America's Cup officials had until Sept. 8 to decide, there was little use waiting any longer. They announced that *Weatherly* and Bus Moshbacher had been chosen as the U.S. defender. Said Moshbacher: "I'm delighted, simply delighted."

### Ready for Anything

Ambition has driven black-haired Jim Beatty to lengths that most men would not dream of going. He has run perhaps 10,000 miles in circles, trained his mind to tick like a clock, worked four hours a day for three years on a job that will never pay him a cent. "You have to keep your eyes firmly on your goal," he says, "and try not to waver." Last week Beatty's flying feet carried him closer than ever before to his elusive goal: the fastest mile in history. Before a crowd of 8,000 in Helsinki's Olympic Stadium, Jim Beatty ran the mile in 3 min. 56.3 sec., best time ever recorded by an American, and just 1.9 seconds off the world record set last January by New Zealand's Peter Snell.

**Five Under Four.** Beatty's ambition seems almost too big for his breeding. The U.S. has never been noted for producing distance runners; but little (5 ft. 5½ in., 128 lbs.) Jim Beatty has long since outrun his national pedigree. He holds the world record for the outdoor two-mile (8 min. 20.8 sec.) and the indoor mile (3 min. 58.9 sec.), as well as the American record for 1,500 meters, 3,000 meters and 5,000 meters. By this week, as he wound up a triumphal tour of France, England and Scandinavia, European track fans were willing to concede that Beatty can go the distance as well as anyone.

**SENSATIONNEL.** JIM BEATTY! read a six-column headline in Paris' *L'Aurore*,

after Beatty sped 3,000 meters over a muddy track in 7 min. 54.2 sec.—just 5 sec. off Michel Jazy's world record. FANTASTIC! echoed Britain's *Daily Herald*, when Beatty ran the mile in 3 min. 56.5 sec. over a notoriously slow track at White City stadium—pulling four other competitors over the finish in less than four minutes. Moving up to a longer distance at Turku, Finland, Beatty then ran the 5,000 meters in 13 min. 45 sec., beating his own listed American record by 6.8 seconds.

The man most responsible for Beatty's success is Coach Mihail Igloi, 53, who defected to the U.S. in 1956 from his job as head coach of the Hungarian Olympic track and field squad. Says Igloi, whose runners have broken 25 world records, 48 Hungarian records and 23 American records: "Any country I can make good run-



GERRY CHANDLER

MILER BEATTY  
"You do what . . .

\* From left: F. Briggs Dalzell, Chairman Julian K. Roosevelt, E. Jared Bliss, Willis M. Fanning, J. Burr Bartram Jr., Henry H. Anderson Jr.



ner—Japan, Germany, United States—as long as I have a free hand and somebody with a little background. If I have 30,000 bricks, I can build a small house or a beautiful palace. It depends on how I put them together."

**Planned Racing.** Nobody is quite sure how Igloi goes about getting the most out of his runners—not even Beatty or his Los Angeles Track Club Teammates Jim Grelle and Bob Seaman. "I give them schedules," says Igloi, "but then I change my mind three times. Many times I change my mind. They don't know why. This is the secret of the training." Says Beatty: "It's like being taught mathematics. You do what the teacher says to achieve the right results."

Igloi plans every race in minute detail. Last week's plan at Helsinki: Seaman was to lead the first quarter-mile, run it in 55.5 sec.; Grelle was to take over for the second quarter, do a 61-sec. lap; Beatty was to set a 2-min. 56-sec. pace through three quarters. After that, said Igloi, all three runners were on their own. Igloi's target: a 3-min. 54-sec. mile. Seaman broke fast—perhaps too fast; Grelle and Beatty took turns leading the parade through three quarters; then Beatty turned on his blistering kick in the stretch, beat Grelle to the tape by 20 yards. Sweat dripping down his face, he trotted anxiously back toward a spectator who was holding a stop watch. "What did you get?" he pleaded. "What did you get?" The timer told him, and Beatty's face fell. "Somewhere in there, I must be relaxing," he worried. "That's where I'm losing time."

Any other miler would undoubtedly have been happy with a 3-min. 56.3 clocking. Not Beatty. "I'm at my best peak ever," he says, "but I hope to keep on building. I'm not restricted to being a follower or a leader. I can do a fast early pace. I can maintain sustained drive well. I have instantaneous acceleration. But I



SHARON FINNERAN & CAROLYN HOUSE  
But don't stay in the sun.

LEE BALTERMAN

need an adrenalin shock on the last lap—somebody to make the adrenalin come." The man Beatty hopes will provide the shock he needs to smash Peter Snell's world record: Snell himself. "If I met Snell right now," he says, "I think it would be a very good race. I'm mentally ready for anything."

## The Swim Twins

"Ladies, take your marks!" The starter's gun barked, and six of the U.S.'s fastest women swimmers slammed into the water of Chicago's Portage Park pool, arms flailing and legs churning. On the fourth lap, the freckle-faced blonde in Lane 4 began to pull away—increasing her lead with each powerful stroke, while her competitors strained vainly to match her pace. At the finish of the 1,500-meter freestyle, Carolyn House was a full 30 meters ahead. Her time: 18 min. 44 sec.—smashing the world record by 18.8 sec. During the next three days at the A.A.U. championships, 17-year-old Carolyn added the 200-meter and 400-meter freestyle titles—the second year in a row she had swept all three races. She set a new American record (2 min. 14.6 sec.) in the 200, a new meet record (4 min. 45.3 sec.) in the 400.

**Three Laps Underwater.** Daughter of Los Angeles Ear Surgeon Howard Payne House, towheaded Carolyn is almost blind in her left eye (a congenital defect) and wears a contact lens in her right eye. But her eye trouble has never hampered her swimming—or kept her from taking a crack at any other sport that struck her tomboy's fancy. "At seven," says her brother Ken, 22, "she could swim three laps of the family pool underwater without coming up for air. At eight, she played center for both of our neighborhood football teams. She'd center for our team, and the opposition would mow her down. When the ball changed hands, she'd switch over to the other side and we'd run over her. She never once complained."

By the time she was eleven, Carolyn was such a good athlete that she thought she was ready for the Los Angeles Athlet-

ic Club's swimming team. Coach Peter Daland told her to go home and wait until she was twelve. Next year she made the team. Daland worked long hours to strengthen her arm and shoulder muscles, get more power into her kick. In 1960, when she was just 14, Carolyn broke the American 1,500-meter record, placed second to Defending Champion Chris von Saltza in the 400-meter freestyle, and earned a trip to the Rome Olympics.

**Sharing the Glory.** In peak form for last week's A.A.U. championships, Carolyn had to share her glory with another Los Angeles teen-ager: her best friend, 16-year-old Sharon Finneran, who broke the listed world records in the 200-meter butterfly (2 min. 31.2 sec.) and the 400-meter individual medley (5 min. 25.4 sec.). A swimming nomad, Sharon was born in Rockville Centre, N.Y., started swimming competitively in Florida, moved with her schoolteacher mother to Los Angeles last year to work with Carolyn and Coach Daland. The girls live only six blocks apart, and both attend John Marshall High School, where Carolyn is a senior, Sharon a junior. Up at 6 each morning, the two head for Los Angeles' Olympic Swim Stadium for a three-hour workout: sprints, turns, 60 laps of the 50-meter pool. At 5 each afternoon, they are back in the pool for another 1½-hr. session with Daland.

Already training hard for the 1964 Olympics, the girls have little time for the usual teen-ager's fun: no dates, just an occasional busman's holiday at Balboa Beach. "But we can't stay too long in the sun," says Sharon. "When you're burned, it hurts to swim." The hours between practice sessions are spent building up muscles by exercising with pulley weights and adding weight to their youthful frames by stoking up on steaks and milkshakes. Says Carolyn: "Once you get on top, you have to work to stay there. It's funny. All these years, we little swimmers pointed toward beating Von Saltza and the others. All of a sudden, it's all changed. Everybody wants to beat me."



NEIL LIFER

COACH IGLOI  
... the teacher says."

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## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Actor David Nelson, 25, Ozzie and Harriet's elder son, and June Blair Nelson, 23, who joined the family TV program in 1960 as David's girl friend: their first child, a son; in Santa Monica.

**Divorced.** Arnold Eric Severeid, 49, quick-witted CBS news analyst and liberal New York Post columnist; by Lois Finger Severeid, 51; on grounds of desertion, after nearly 28 years of marriage, two children; in Washington, D.C.

**Died.** Rosemary Carr Benét, 64, widow of Poet Stephen Vincent Benét, whom she met in Paris in 1920 when he was an impecunious young Yale graduate working out his *The Beginning of Wisdom*, herself an author, poet and critic, who translated the works of André Maurois but was best known for her 1933 collaboration with her husband on *A Book of Americans*, a lyric history in verse; of cancer; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Edmund Richard "Hoot" Gibson, 70, six-gun king of the celluloid range, a homely Nebraska cowboy who thrilled three decades of moviegoers, starting out in 1910 as a \$20-a-week stunt man and going on to become one of horse opera's Big Five (the others: Tom Mix, William S. Hart, Harry Carey, Buck Jones) in the 1920s and '30s, earning \$14,500 a week at the peak of his career, and letting it slip through his fingers like quicksilver until in his last years he was almost broke; of cancer; in Woodland Hills, Calif.

**Died.** Abraham Levitt, 82, builder, whose mass-production-minded sons William and Alfred broke the building of a house down into 26 assembly-line steps, made their family firm, Levitt & Sons, one of the biggest U.S. home builders, slapping together 40,000 low-cost dwellings in three uniformly antiseptic developments on Long Island, in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, introduced the word Levittown to the language; after a long illness; in Manhasset, L.I.

**Died.** The Rt. Rev. Arthur Wheelock Moulton, 89, longtime (1920-46) Episcopal Bishop of Utah, a slender, outgoing cleric who became a zealot, if sometimes confused, campaigner for world peace after his retirement in 1946, frequently lending his name to Communist-front groups, but turning down a \$25,000 Stalin Peace Prize in 1951 with a cool rebuke: "The only reward I want in working for peace is peace"; in Salt Lake City.

**Died.** Mary Gibbs Jones, 90, widow of Texas builder (and onetime Commerce Secretary) Jesse H. Jones, who helped her husband give away his construction millions, organizing with him the \$500 million Houston Endowment Inc. that helps support Rice University, while setting up scholarships in her name in 44 colleges, seminaries, and universities; of a heart attack; in Houston.



## MARKETING MEETING

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# CINEMA

## Pay Dirt

**Two Weeks in Another Town.** The movie business has long suffered a fascination with its own filth. *Bombshell*, *Sunset Boulevard*, *The Bad and the Beautiful*: the vaults are loaded with ugly stories about the beautiful people. A few of these films are works of considerable art; some of them are honest hate letters from people Hollywood has hurt; most of them, and that includes this picture, are what is known in the trade as pay dirt.

Adapted from a bestselling novel by a supersalaried screenwriter named Irwin Shaw, *Two Weeks* tells the story of a cinemane (Kirk Douglas) who goes barreling down Easy Street, runs into a mental block, spends six years on the reassembly line, comes out with a brand-new head, starts warily down the comeback trail. He finds it jammed with competition, potholed with passions, mined with animosities.

The trail leads to Rome, where the actor's favorite director (Edward G. Robinson) has summoned him to play a bit part. But his boom companion is not really his bust friend. When the actor arrives in Rome he finds the part, if there ever was one, gone. Jolted, he pulls himself together and takes a modest job in the dubbing room. But all at once the screenqueen (Cyd Charisse) who drove him to distraction and destruction turns up in his hotel and starts tormenting him again. Desperate, he soothes his shattered nerves with a dose of nature's own narcotic (Dahlia Lavi), and when the director has a heart attack he offers to finish the picture for auld lang syne. But when the actor shows a real flair for directing, the invalid flies into a snit, accuses him of "stealing my picture," orders him thrown

off the set, smears him in the columns.

Why is everybody so nasty? The script does not say. It simply leaves the customers to assume that Hollywood, no matter where you find it, is hell, and the people who run it are devils. It may be so, but this movie won't make anybody believe it or even care. The moviemakers clearly want people to care. Director Vincente Minnelli and Actor Douglas have worked hard on the film. They are dead serious—and therein lies their error: the subject is too trivial for serious treatment. It could probably be more tellingly developed as a farce. Imagine all those cinemoguls washing their dirty Lincolns in public.

## Hot Air

**Five Weeks in a Balloon.** "Sirrrr," proclaims an intrepid Scotsman, "Ah propose to fly in a balloon fourrr thousand maybes overrrr unexplored jungle!"

"Sir," avers a curmudgeonly colleague from Britain, "your plan is completeluh lunatic. I know Africah. Neithah you nor your toy would lasth five minutes!"

The professor lasts 101 minutes, to be exact, and many of them will assuredly provide mercurochromatic relief for the screaming little monsters who habitually take a Saturday afternoon bloodbath. But while the children are giggling, their parents will be giggling—especially if they happen to have read the tall tale by Jules Verne from which the film is taken. Less than six decades after the author's death, his fantasies of the future read like parodies of the past, and Director Irwin Allen wisely plays for parody what he cannot turn to thrills. He laughs up his gasbag at the Verneable tale. He pumps the soggy old *Balloon* so full of hot air that it finally gets off the ground.

To begin with, Director Allen pokes some sly fun at the balloon itself: a big, pink, candy-striped burp that floats above a unicorn dreamboat possibly borrowed from Disneyland. He also has a few snickers for the leathery old hams with which *Balloon* is ballasted: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre, Red Buttons, Herbert Marshall, Billy Gilbert, Chester the Chimp—the ape apes them all and in the process manages slyly to suggest that they are all making monkeys of themselves. Gravely he lists the cinema clichés associated with African adventure: senile rented lions, brfisking British bwans, bulbous Viennese sheiks, disressed American beauties, big dumb tribesmen who look suspiciously like studio Indians retouched for the occasion. Most of all he relishes the silly things people say so earnestly in this sort of movie, and assembles a connoisseur's catalogue of clinkers:

"Infidels! You have dared to enter the Forbidden City of Timbuktu!"

"You will die at sunset."

"You, sir, are a villain!"

"If my life is to be sacrificed, I cannot think of a better cause."

"We must plant our flag first."

"Jettison the cargo!"

"Throw him overboard!"—"No, Donald, that's not our way."

"If we fail, heaven help the natives."

"It might be wise to do as they say, Professor."

"Somebody's going to pay for this!"

"Where you go, me go."

"Kismet! We are doomed!"

"Look! They're going over the falls!"

And they do, but not before somebody has said: "Great Scott!"

## Ho-ho-horror

**The Phantom of the Opera.** Two eyes blaze in the darkness like candles flickering inside a skull. Flesh hangs from the skull in soggy clumps. Black bags hang from the eyes like evil growths. The nose



LOM (1962)

CHANEY (1925)

When does a fellow need a fiend?

is two wormy holes. The ragged lips reveal a clutter of dirty tusks. And over the ghastly object hangs a straggle of stringy hair that looks like horrid skinny legs and suggests that on top of the skull there may be something squatting.

As Lon Chaney portrayed him in the 1925 shocker, the phantom of the opera was a sight to make small boys behave. After that apparition, though, the monster disappeared for some years, possibly spent in a beauty parlor. At any rate, when he reappeared as Claude Rains in the 1943 production, he looked disconcertingly like Liberace. Indignant, the critics told him to go right back through that secret panel and take his Ugly Pills.

He obviously didn't. In the third screen version of the grisly Gothic novel by Gaston Leroux, the phantom as interpreted by Herbert Lom looks about as dangerous as dear old granddad all dressed up for Halloween in a mouthless lavender mask that could probably be duplicated for a dime at any corner candy store. And why does he wear a mask? Because his face is so horrible that if people saw it they would run out of the theater hollering eeeeeeeeee? No. Because, it turns out, he still looks like Liberace.

In other respects, the film rises to those occasions when a fellow needs a fiend. Michael Gough makes a wonderfully sinister Lord d'Arcy. There is a splendidly splashy scene in which a man is stabbed in the eye. And there is a gorgeously juicy line, spoken by a ratcatcher to the horrified heroine (Heather Sears), "Oi cud let yew 'ave aboth rats fer tappence," he says sweetly, turning on the charm. "Mike a lavly pie, y'know."



DOUGLAS & LAVI IN "TWO WEEKS"  
When is a boom companion a bust friend?



## BOOKS

### River of History

THE BLUE NILE (308 pp.)—Alan Moorehead—Harper & Row (\$5.95).

As Shakespeare well knew, the sun's heat bred serpents and other monsters out of the mud of the Nile. With *The Blue Nile*, this ancient river of mystery has now been made the object of two studies that employ all the modern arts of research to dispel myths and muddy misconceptions. Alan Moorehead, an extraordinary journalist-turned-historian who examined the history of one of the river's sources in *The White Nile*, tells in his latest book what succeeds the great civilizations—Egyptian and Greek—that rose and fell with the Blue Nile as its annual floods gave life to the narrow green ribbon across the deserts and supported the great cities at the delta.

**Mamelukes & Missionaries.** Moorehead's book is a historical morality play that sets up timely echoes in the modern imagination. At a time when the white man is leaving Africa, it details and dramatizes the manner of his arrival on that vast continent. As history goes, it is a short story and, indeed, a very disquieting one. What Moorehead calls the European reconnaissance of the Nile did not begin until the closing years of the 18th century. "For well over a thousand years the great civilization of ancient Egypt had been forgotten and its writings were a closed book, nor did there appear any bright prospects for the future. The Mamelukes [the ruling class of Egypt] had made the country almost as inaccessible to travelers as Tibet is today, the Sudan was virtually unknown, and Ethiopia, locked away in its remote mountains, was still the land of Prester

John, a region of horrendous legends and medieval myths."

James Bruce, a gingerish Scottish aristocrat, was the first Briton to penetrate to the headwaters of the Blue Nile, at Lake Tana in Ethiopia. Bruce's intrusion into the "nightmarish fantasy of Ethiopian affairs," where he casually joined as it suited him one or another of the chronic little local wars, is a historic comedy with tragic forebodings. Bruce himself was an arrogant braggart, and Moorehead has great fun with his efforts to discredit the stories of missionaries who had been there before him.

Bruce was only a traveler; Napoleon was very much more. With Napoleon, Moorehead uses what might be merely historical pageant to dramatize the impact of European technology on African barbarity. It was as a young (29) revolutionary general that Bonaparte went to Egypt. Although the outcome is known, Moorehead's superb narrative of the French adventure has the quality of suspense. Napoleon brought a small force by modern standards of mass war (36,000, including sailors), but his rifle-men alone doomed the ruling cavalry aristocracy of Cairo to utter defeat. Also, he carried the future in his own baggage train—150 enlisted *penseurs*, the intellectuals of the French Revolution. Propaganda, engineering, law and government, and an efficient system of tax collection were among the modern arts Napoleon brought to Egypt with his victory.

Nonetheless, Moorehead keeps a cold eye on claims that the Europeans brought only civilization to the mouth of the Nile. Despite the abominations of the slave trade, the prevalence of brothels, etc., the Mamelukes were men of law and religion; the "slave kings," the "gorgeous butchers," had maintained some kind of order for 500 years and had a taste and refinement "which would have been hard to parallel in western countries."

**Many-Colored Thing.** Through the 19th century, *The Blue Nile* follows slave traders, armies, missionaries and explorers up the river and beyond into the vastnesses of Ethiopia. Moorehead, who was with the modern armies in North Africa in World War II, gives a sense of personal immediacy to remote events as he balances present against past. Through a fine talent for descriptive writing, he is able to conjure up the Nile itself as a physical presence, a many-colored thing as well as a great artery in the anatomical chart of historical man. The Coptic Christians on the cold Ethiopian plateaus, the animistic Negroes on the scrubby foothills and the Moslem Arabs on the plains below live enfolded in their own mud, marble, concrete or straw thatch, watched over by appropriate birds and weather.

In one chapter, Moorehead cites Lady Duff Gordon on the subject of Egypt: "This country is a palimpsest, in which the Bible is written over Herodotus, and the Koran over that." What will make



INVADER NAPOLEON

In the baggage train, civilization.

the next permanent tracing on the old book of the Nile? The Napoleonic Code, British common law, an engineer's blueprint, or *Das Kapital*? This brilliant book provokes such questions. It also suggests what may be a happy token of the future: the last time Alan Moorehead saw the upper gorges of the Blue Nile was when he was aboard a U.S. helicopter, one of a team spraying DDT and doubtless other blessings along its ill-fated banks.

### Conformity's Crises

MAINSIDE (373 pp.)—Paul Mandel—Random House (\$4.95).

THE PANAMA PORTRAIT (242 pp.)—Stanley Ellin—Random House (\$3.95).

As a pejorative addition to the national vocabulary, "the organization man" is hardly more than a human ballbearing who aspires to become a big wheel. But as prop for U.S. fiction writers, he has become distressingly ubiquitous—mostly in the role of a puppet for potboilmakers, only rarely as the subtly realized, peculiarly American character he should be.

Two new books, Paul Mandel's *Main-side*, a skilled first novel set at a Florida naval air station, and Stanley Ellin's *The Panama Portrait*, which takes place on an island off South America, illustrate just how far-flung fictional organization men are becoming.

**Shorebound Jargon.** "I've been conforming since I was five," says Mandel's hero, Lieut. (j.g.) Samuel Marks. "That just about qualifies me as an organization man right there." Marks's organization man is anybody who will not rock the boat, either from fear of being noticed or hope of future pelf. But by the time Mandel is through with him, he has become a somewhat more complex conformist. At the outset Marks is a reservist with a wry eye for the shorebound "aye, aye" jargon of the peacetime Navy and a fondness for clean shirts and amenable girls. When a Navy pilot at Sims Field (near Jacksonville) commits suicide, Marks is detailed to make a routine investigation.

Dutifully plodding through standard



AUTHOR MOOREHEAD

In the past, timely echoes.

Navy procedures in a detective-storylike narrative, he slowly comes face to face with a mother's grief, a Negro steward's blackmail of the dead officer, and the Navy's distaste for the bad publicity that his investigation seems likely to bring. When pressure develops to cut the investigation short and just report "suicide, causes unknown," Marks fights back out of the simplest of motives—he is angry at being pushed around. But when both Navy and lawyers back down, the lieutenant triumphantly becomes commander of the situation, only to learn the moral anguish of command decision. Going ahead with a Navy hearing will hurt the mother—whose whole story Marks now knows—and will, in itself, accomplish nothing useful. Or will it?

Marks's final decision—to hold the hearing anyway—is no great surprise. What is refreshing is Author Mandel's subtly shaded exploration of questions so often answered in Boy Scout black and white: Can anyone be responsible to himself and to an organization at the same time? If a choice is forced, is it more important to help individuals or to see that society works properly?

**Our Man in Santo Stefano.** *The Panama Portrait* is a Madison Avenue *Heart of Darkness* with a shirt ad as hero. Ben Smith is the fella, a handsome Kansan who forsakes the "smell of failure" at home for the big city and a vast company, Seaways Industries. Smith thinks of himself as a thoughtful sort—there are days on end when he wonders if Seaways is really for him. But when his hero, General Manager James F. X. O'Harragh, picks him for an all-or-nothing assignment to corner the rock lobster market on tiny Santo Stefano, all doubt vanishes. If he succeeds in making the deal with the island's touchy ruling families he will be in charge—as a new vice president. If not, he is finished.

The island of Santo Stefano is the kind of loaded microcosm an experienced reader can smell a mile off. So, it happens, can everyone else. Santo Stefano's main source of wealth is a rich guano deposit that envelops it in an aroma visitors find intolerable but that the natives are used to. "It smells like money to them," Ben muses.

Ben is not repelled by the island's national custom—a test of courage in which peasants, competing for a cash prize, see how long they can hang from the neck before cutting themselves down. If they wait too long they strangle to death. It is, after all, a bit like bullfighting; and besides, to get the rock lobster contract he must seem *simpático* to the proud Bambas-Quincy family, whose wealth dominates the island. Finally, Ben Smith sees what Author Ellin's cluttered symbolism has been thundering about all along: U.S. commerce and Santo Stefano cruelty are all of a piece. The self-control demanded of the self-hanged men—who lose the contest if they begin to twitch and jiggle in the noose too soon—is precisely the quiescence Seaways demands of him against the hope of prospering in the company. O'Harragh has even made a secret bargain

with Bambas-Quincy to marry off his psychotic daughter to unwitting Ben in return for the contract. Ben Smith runs back to New York, convinced by a disreputable art dealer that he should join him in the art business. The only virtuous life, the dealer (called Max Klebenau) explains, lies in helping the few artistic geniuses of the world.

Author Ellin, an accomplished mystery writer now trying to go straight, had the makings of a good suspense yarn. But by locking himself into such pretentious symbolism, he begs to be taken seriously. And taken seriously he is a laugh. Ben Smith is not salvageable on any terms. The new freedom he is supposed to find in art dealing is merely a change of directors. When Dealer Klebenau runs out of money, he will no doubt con poor Smith into stealing the *Mona Lisa*—for art's sake, of course.



ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Witchy admiration, kindly malice.

## Artist in Aphorism

**A VIEW OF MY OWN** (214 pp.)—Elizabeth Hardwick—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$4.50).

Good female prose, if properly clipped of gush, has the kind of alert precision that makes most masculine sentences seem like so much unfinished business. As writers, women are usually mistresses of microcosm: their themes may not be large, but their literary housekeeping is unassailable—the commas properly placed, the exact word found to match an idea or thing. One of the better U.S. dispensers of this feminine not justice is Elizabeth Hardwick, the wife of Poet Robert Lowell. Judging by this first collection of her essays and book reviews—most of them fugitives from oblivion in *Partisan Review*—she is also an artist in aphorism who deserves, at her best, comparison with Mary McCarthy or Virginia Woolf.

As essay gatherings go, *A View of My Own* is oddly uneven, since the deft Hardwick prose has occasionally been put to work at drab tasks. There are forgettable reviews of forgotten books, a surprisingly maudlin attempt to explain the death and nine legal lives of Caryl Chessman as an indictment of the U.S. inability to understand its youth. But Hardwick also writes with wit and accuracy about the proud, faded elegance of Boston, a city, she argues, "that is not a small New York, as they say a child is not a small adult, but is, rather, a specially organized small creature with its small-creature's temperature, balance and distribution of fat." Her recollection of the aging, epicene art critic Bernard Berenson, living out his dotage in Florence as if he were the celebrant of some exquisite secular liturgy, is a masterpiece of kindly malice.

Other women writers bring out the best in her shrewd, sharp judgment. She displays a witchy admiration for the "tart effervescence" of Mary McCarthy, accurately noting that the cool, almost brutal realism of her sexual passages is light-years away from the passion-tinged descriptions of male writers. One notorious McCarthy story, she writes, "is about contraception in the way, for instance, that Frank Norris's *The Octopus* is about wheat. There is an air of imparting information—like whaling in Melville." Reviewing Simone de Beauvoir's prolix attack on male imperialism, *The Second Sex*, Hardwick pricks its utopian pretension that women are stronger and better than men in a commonsensical line: "Any woman who has ever had her wrist twisted by a man recognizes a fact of nature as humbling as a cyclone to a frail tree branch."

What is best about the essays is not Writer Hardwick's critical conclusions, which tend to be prudent rather than profound, but her rare talent for skewering a flaw or evoking a literary presence in a single, ringing epigram. Items:

**ON ENGLAND'S LITERARY FAMILIES:** "The Brownings, the Webbs, the Garnetts, the Carlyles, Leonard and Virginia Woolf—the English literary couple is a peculiar domestic manufacture, useful no doubt in a country with difficult winters. Before the bright fire at tea-time, we can see these high-strung men and women clinging together, their inky fingers touching."

**ON GRAHAM GREENE:** "The question is not, in the great Russian manner, how one can live without God, or with God; the question is how one can exist as a moral, or immoral man, without running into vexing complications with the local priest."

**ON MANHATTAN'S IMPOVERISHED PUERTO RICANS:** "They are nomads going from one rooming house to another, looking for a toilet that functions."

**ON F. SCOTT FITZGERALD:** "He had, in the midst of chaos, the rather cross-eyed power of gazing upon his deterioration as if he were not living it but somehow observing his soul and body as one would watch a drop of water slowly drying up in the sun."



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